THE CHRISTIAN LABORER—THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

Memoirs

OF

A USEFUL MAN.

[R Miller]

1872

Never was there a more truly missionary spirit possessed by any individual. He was constantly devising schemes of usefulness, and seemed to live for others rather than for himself.—*Com. of Lond. Mission.*

A more diligent, kind, and useful person could not be found in the whole circle of those engaged in the service of the poorer classes.—*Lord Ashley.*

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INTRODUCTION.

The subject of the following narrative, Roger Miller, was one of the most extraordinary examples of Christian devotion and usefulness which the history of the modern Church records. His more personal history itself is quite interesting—his public life exceedingly so. Arising from a state of poverty and misery seldom reached in this country, he struggled manfully for his own redemption—he fell back again under powerful temptations to still lower degradation, but was again enabled to "arise from the dead." His subsequent career as a humble but heroic laborer in the vast field of the London City Mission, is a rare and marvelous record of energy and success. The narrative, while it unvails the moral and physical horrors of great cities, is continually relieved by the beautiful contrast of a noble, a consecrated life—the "signs" of a high though a lay "apostleship." As an example of lay Christian laborers among the neglected multitudes of large cities, the life of this good man is not surpassed. Lord Ashley, who followed him to the grave, said: "A more worthy, diligent, kind, and useful person, could not be found in the whole circle of those who are engaged in the service of the poorer classes."

His memoirs were first published in London

some two or three years ago. A distinguished Christian and philanthropist, John Waddington, of London, said of that work:—"'ROGER MILLER' will prove a treasure to every practical philanthropist. I do not remember reading a narrative more admonitory, suggestive, or encouraging. Wherever it goes, a blessing must follow. The usefulness of Mr. Miller in his life was remarkable; it is my impression that his influence will be felt for many generations in a degree and to an extent it is impossible to calculate."

These memoirs were republished in this country with an introduction by Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander, who characterizes them as "a striking work which had already awakened much interest in Great Britain, and is destined to do the like here."

Interesting as the original memoir is, it has been deemed defective. It has no chapters, and is entirely thrown into three long "Parts" without "Headings" or "Contents." There is not much classification of facts in these "Parts," and but a general reference to chronological order. It has been judged desirable that a life of such remarkable interest should be presented in a style more attractive to popular attention. The present volume, written in a vivid but simple style, and grouping more strikingly the data of Mr. Miller's life, is a book for the people. The manuscript has been purchased and presented as a donation to the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under whose auspices it is now sent forth on its mission of usefulness through the land.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LABORER.

FIRST TRIALS.

Some years since a poor woman, living in Lancashire, England, found herself deserted by her worthless husband, with three children dependent upon her for subsistence. What could she do? Where could she look for aid or refuge? Almost her only resource was the parish work-house; in this she placed her two boys, the youngest of whom was but six years of age; and, with many heart-struggles, the poor mother went forth into the world, to earn a livelihood for herself and her remaining child, a daughter. It was a hard lot she was to meet and bear; and, if possible, it was a still harder one to which she had left her two

helpless boys, in the work-house of Blackburn.

The name of the younger was Roger; he was immediately sent, with his brother, to work in the print-shop of a gentleman by the name of Turner. A sad sight it was to see the poor child, six years of age, trudging to the scene of his hard labors, with the earliest dawn; and back at night, when the long day was done, to rest from his weariness, in the shelter of the work-house. No mother's or sister's smile met him—no cares or caresses awaited him—no hand wiped the tears from his weary eyes. With the other children who shared his sad fate he ate his coarse supper, and laid his overtasked limbs upon his comfortless bed, where alone he found forgetfulness of his griefs.

After some months had passed, little Roger was taken from the print-works of Mr. Turner, and placed in an establishment of the same kind belonging to another gentleman, who took the boy into his own house. It might be supposed that a removal from the work-house must, necessarily,

improve the child's condition; but his hard lot was not softened. Day after day the weary time dragged on, in the close, confined rooms. Scarcely a moment's rest was allowed from his tiresome tasks, and his new home was rendered hateful to him by the cruelty with which he was treated. Nearly two years was this dreadful life endured, and the new master was desirous to have the friendless child apprenticed to him, when he would have been, if possible, more helplessly in his power. The arrangements for this event were nearly completed, and Roger saw before him a prospect of the continuance of his present slavery for the next thirteen years. The thought was insupportable to him. Benumbed as his sensibilities had been by the rude blasts which had assailed him, he had still energy sufficient firmly to resolve never to submit to this hopeless bondage, without a struggle for a better fate. His long confinement to his daily labor had made his business hateful to him; and the family, who might have shed a ray of comfort upon his dark pathway, had treat-

ed him only with severity, and surrounded him with the most oppressive and degrading circumstances.

Stung to the quick by the remembrance of his past sufferings, and almost maddened by this prospect of their hopeless continuance, the boy, young as he was, resolved to make one last effort to escape from his miseries. He knew, only too well, that in the wide world he had but one friend to whom he could look in his distress; and this friend, his mother, had found employment in Manchester—twenty miles distant from his present abode. He did not know a step of the road; he had no money to procure food on his journey; he had no clothes, save those he wore, and, from dawn to night, he was confined to his tasks. But he had resolved to seek his mother, and he anxiously awaited a favorable opportunity, which soon presented itself.

It was one of his duties to go every morning a distance of two miles, to procure milk for the family; and, though this was not intended as a kindness, it was really

the greatest blessing of his oppressed life. He had that time to breathe God's free air, and exercise his jaded limbs upon the beautiful earth. Perhaps it was this alone which had sustained his strength through his wearying tasks, while many of his companions in toil had sunk beneath their burdens by his side. The invigorating morning exercise had not only strengthened Roger's frame, but it had kept hope and courage alive in his heart up to the present time; and he now resolved upon a desperate attempt, before he lost sight forever of the only opening to a brighter fate.

On the morning of the day when the apprenticeship was to be finally settled the determined boy arose, even earlier than usual, and, taking his only additional garment, he started, with his milk-pail, on his journey. When he had gone about a mile and a half he left the pail in a field, and took what he thought was the most direct road to Manchester. Owing, however, to his ignorance of the way, he made but little progress, and, at night, had only

reached Mr. Turner's print-works, where he had formerly been employed. He knew some of the boys and men there, and one of the latter listened to his pitiful story, and kindly undertook to provide for him. He promised the wanderer a bed on some blankets, under one of the printing tables, on condition of his remaining perfectly quiet, in order that he might not be discovered by the watchman, as he went his nightly rounds. His friend provided him with food, and the tired boy lay down in his secret resting-place; but, fatigued with his travels, and, perhaps, excited by his first free day in the open air, and the novelty of his situation, he passed a restless night. He remained undiscovered, however, and morning brought his friend and a good breakfast, with provision for the remainder of the day. Refreshed by the kindness he had experienced, and the food taken, he started, with renewed hopes, on his journey. The second night he slept in a hay-loft, by permission of the owner; and the next day, at noon, reached Manchester.

Perhaps the eyes of a tender mother, or fond sister, rest upon our unpretending page. Picture to yourselves this neglected child, as, hungry, and faint, and foot-sore, and ragged, he found himself in the noisy and bustling city of Manchester, at midday, after such a journey as his had been, alone, on an unknown road, and without the least knowledge of the residence or circumstances of his only earthly friend. Tender mothers! fond sisters! press your loved ones closer to your hearts, and thank God, who alone has preserved them from similar perils.

In the dusk of the evening, after most earnest and persevering search, he found the humble abode of his mother, and seeing his sister through the open door, he pronounced her name. But in the tattered and haggard child before her, she did not recognize her brother. "Do you not know me, Elizabeth?" he said in trembling tones, which, nevertheless, fell upon her ear with a familiar sound; and the wanderer was welcomed with a sister's and a mother's love. They had heard of his flight from his em-

ployers, without a word of explanation, or any knowledge of the course he had taken, and had suffered much anxiety respecting him. With tearful eyes they listened to his sad story of wrong and cruelty, and all the limited means they possessed were employed for his comfort. He was washed and combed, and decent clothes took the place of the rags which hung about him. He had escaped from harshness and oppression—he had found tenderness and affection, and without any thought or care for the future, Roger was comforted and happy.

Such were some of the extraordinary trials endured by this boy, while yet within what is usually considered the period of infancy.

FURTHER STRUGGLES.

Who could have foreseen from this opening chapter in the life of an alms-house boy, a career of success and usefulness? Who could have foretold from this unpromising commencement the close of a beautiful and well-filled existence, whose loss was mourned by his Christian companions, and lamented by the poor, among whom he had lived and labored, as that of a personal friend?

Yet few men of his class have ever been more useful than was Roger Woods Miller, whose early life has been described in the preceding chapter. He was born at Carlisle, Sept. 19, 1808. His father, Ralph Miller, was a Scotchman, who had served in the army as a private soldier for a number of years; but he had received his discharge at a time when his corps were stationed in Scotland, with a pension of ninepence a-day. He was in good health, however, possessed uncommon strength,

and could always command employment, which would have afforded his family a comfortable support. But he was not a man of industry, prudence, or moral principle. He had acquired habits of profligacy, in the life to which he had devoted himself, that clung to him, notwithstanding the helpless ones dependent upon him. The wanderings to which he had been subjected, had given him a dislike to a settled residence and regular labor. He does not seem to have had affection enough for his wife and children to control in any degree his reckless profligacy. He often cruelly abused them; and, some time after their removal to Carlisle, he deserted them entirely, leaving them in most distressing circumstances, for it was at this time that Roger was born. But, though all earthly dependence had failed, that Providence which watches the sparrow's fall, provided in some way for these immortal souls, of so much more value than many sparrows. Months, and even years elapsed, after the departure of the miserable father, and it was supposed he was no longer among the

living, when he suddenly returned to his wife and little ones. They soon removed into Lancashire; he remained a few months with them, with his old habits unaltered, when he again forsook them, and they saw him no more.

It was at this period of their history that little Roger, six years of age, was placed by his mother in the work-house of Blackburn. English literature has given us many pictures of these last resorts of England's suffering children, and from them the fate of a boy thus deserted by both parents, may easily be imagined.

Bravely, and even manfully, had this child, scarcely eight years of age, fought his way in some of the sternest battles of life. Ignorance, and vice, and poverty had surrounded him; he had made his escape from the degradation of the work-house and the chains which the avarice of his last employers had forged for him, and now he only wanted the means of an honest livelihood, to be comparatively happy in the humble home of his mother and sister.

Mrs. Miller earned her scanty subsistence only by her daily labor; her daughter labored too, and Roger well knew that incessant toil was before him. It was well, however, that he could not foresee the bitter trials which were yet in store for him.

The poor have little choice of employment, especially in England, where all occupations are crowded, and where, as one of her own writers says of them, "men, strong and able men, beg, not for bread, but for *work*." No other situation could be procured for little Roger, and he was placed in a cotton-factory, and paid about fifty-seven cents a-week. For this sum he went to his task at six in the morning, and there, in the crowded, unventilated room, the noisome air of which was rendered still more offensive by the sickening smell of oil, he worked on through the long dreary day until eight o'clock in the evening. It would seem impossible that buoyant, gay-hearted childhood should long exist in this crushing oppression. The lives of many of the children in these English factories were spent between rest-

less slumbers upon their hard beds, and wasting toil in the pestilential atmosphere of their work-rooms. They became exhausted and spiritless, and scarcely had an aspiration for a better fate. To many a one death has come as a friendly angel, robbed of his terrors.

Gentle reader, a visit of fifteen minutes to one of these infant prisons would have sent you nauseated from its walls. The disgusting air, the heavy, deafening clank of the ponderous machinery, the blighted and decrepit young forms, trembling in their weakness at the presence of the vigilant overseers, would have filled your eyes with tears and your heart with horror. Perhaps some piercing shriek would have struck upon your ear; a moment's confusion would have followed the discovery that some poor child had been seized in the demoniacal arms of the whirling machinery, and crushed in agony. Had you studied the expression of the pinched faces gathered around the shapeless remains, you could scarcely have traced a look of pity; but a bitter triumph—a savage pleas-

ure almost, would have been seen on the horror-struck features. How could they sorrow for one taken from such a life?

"It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time:"

* * * * * *

"For all day the wheels are turning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places:
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling:
All are turning, all the day, and we with all!
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning,)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

* * * * * *

"How long?" they say,—"how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world on a child's heart—
Stifle down, with a nailed heel, its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants!
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath."*

Within a few years great changes have been effected in this department of labor.

* Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Miss Bremer, in her "Impressions of England in 1851," describes a visit to these same manufactories of Manchester. She says:—

"The lamenting 'cry of the children' was no longer heard from the factories. Government had put an end to the cruelties and oppressions formerly practiced on these little ones by the unscrupulous lust of gain. No child under ten years old can now be employed in the factories; and even such, when employed, must, of necessity, be allowed part of the day for school. Every large factory has now generally its own school, with a paid master, for the children. The boys whom I saw in the great rooms of the factories, and with whom I conversed, looked both healthy and cheerful."

It is no wonder that Roger Miller, even when advanced in years, never spoke without a shudder of that portion of his life spent in this justly-termed infant slavery.

Amid these terrible scenes, and weighed down by this crushing toil, the boy's heart often failed him; but he struggled hard to retain the hopes of change and relief which

bore him up in his sufferings. New trials were yet awaiting him, however. His sister married, and removed from Manchester, and his mother was also obliged to seek employment elsewhere. Again the poor boy saw himself without a home. Humble and often comfortless as his had been, it had yet been the abode of some affection, and, amid his otherwise insupportable labors, he had there found rest and comfort.

Roger was now able to earn nearly a dollar a week, and with this was to meet all his expenses for lodging, food, and clothes. At his immature age, this was no small undertaking. It was, in fact, assuming the whole responsibility of life. Hitherto he had, at least, been in the power of others; now he was his own master. He was alone and irresponsible—alone in the midst of vice, ignorance, and poverty. No word of friendly advice, even, was breathed into his ear.

God help thee, forsaken one! Look to Him, for his promise is sure. "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up."

ASPIRATIONS.

Up to this time Roger Miller had lived in ignorance of even the elements of education. From infancy, his had been one continuous, closely-fought struggle for the bare means of subsistence. Labor or starvation had been placed before him, and these had impelled him onward in his rugged pathway. Yet, amid all the sorrows and degradation of his toiling lot, he had always possessed the strongest desire and admiration for knowledge. It seems almost miraculous that this noble aspiration should have survived the choking and pestiferous atmosphere which had surrounded him; but, from an early period, this seems to have been the object of his highest ambition. It is said that "his father appears to have been gifted with considerable natural talent;" though in what way this was manifested we have not been able to learn. Roger, however, seems to have received the conviction with every

new struggle in his life, that knowledge was to be the great cure for all his woes. He had learned, by bitter experience, that "knowledge is power;" for he knew it would be impossible to hold himself and his fellow-sufferers in the bondage which weighed upon them, but for the chains in which their own ignorance fettered them. The solitary boy looked around for some ray of light by which he could grope his way from the thick darkness enveloping him. But where could he hope for assistance, bound as he was to his toil, from six in the morning till eight o'clock at night? Not a moment could be called his own. To this demand of her toiling children for knowledge, the richest and most powerful government on the face of the earth at that time turned a deaf ear, or folded her hands in apathy. But Christianity, like the ministering angel which she is to our fallen world, here shines forth, and, by her blessed provision of the Sabbath, by the principles of benevolence which she teaches, and by the devotedness of her true followers—cries out to them, "Ho,

every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Nobly did the institution of the Sabbath school supply this lack of governmental provision for England's children of want. How many of our own, and other lands, have received their first good impulses from its instructions! How many have gone forth from its sanctuary to carry light to the dark places of the earth! Never, till the great day of reckoning shall come, can the amount of good be summed up which has been accomplished by this humble instrumentality.

Sabbath school pupil! Art thou careless or unmindful of thy privilege? Art thou ever ready, with any slight evasion, to forego the hour consecrated to its instructions? Bethink thee! The words of wisdom uttered there may come back to thy spirit in its hour of utmost need, with heavenly consolations. Thou mayst be enabled to triumph, in some moment of temptation or trial, through some blessed principle it has taught thee, which shall thus flash light upon thy darkened or be-

wildered pathway. Pause, then, before the link is severed which binds thee to this noble instrumentality of usefulness.

Toiling teacher! Dost thou weary in thy round of thankless duties? Dost thou tire of its demands, and weary of its repetitions? Does thy faith fail, and thy labors seem humble and unprofitable? Look not upon the stolid face upturned to thine in hopelessness, and faint not though thy words seem unheeded, and thy prayers unanswered. Now, as of old, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." Thou art a laborer in thy Lord's vineyard—sowing seed which may bring forth a thousand fold. Gird up thyself then anew for thy toil; thy record is on high—thy reward is sure.

IMPROVEMENT.

By some means Roger Miller heard of the Sabbath school, and he saw immediately that this would afford him just the instruction he wished. With inexpressible joy he availed himself of the privilege, and connected himself with that of the Rev. William Roby's chapel, Manchester. In this school he received all the educational instruction which he ever enjoyed; and when the reader shall have become acquainted with the usefulness of his after life, it will be admitted that the seed thus sown, perhaps in distrust, yielded its hundred-fold of fruit.

The neglected boy felt as if inspired with a new existence, as he slowly but successfully conquered, one after another, the difficulties in his pathway; his soul seemed to expand with the new hopes with which even his first successes filled him. He was no longer a mere drudge—a machine to be worked by and for those who received

the fruit of his labors. A higher life was dawning with the light of knowledge, and the consciousness of a spiritual nature, which now for the first time flashed within him, gave a feeling of dignity even to this toiling child of poverty. He breathed freer; his eye kindled with a new light. He lifted up his bowed head and walked more erect, as he "became a *living soul.*" Difficulties vanished as he approached them, or strength increased to overcome them. No obstacle looked insurmountable to the vigor which his new pursuits had enkindled. No sacrifice or struggle was to be evaded which could further his progress.

How he looked forward through the long six days for the dawn of the blessed seventh! With what a bounding heart he hailed its first light! It was the feast-day of his soul, when his better nature received its sustenance for the week of toil and trial. Thus eager, constant, and punctual—improving every moment of the time so precious to him—success was certain. Often, when freed from his fourteen hours' imprisonment, alone and unassisted,

he refreshed his wearied spirit with a brief indulgence in his new pursuits. In this manner he learned to read and write, and also mastered the elementary branches of knowledge. The glimpses which he now and then caught of the unexplored and illimitable fields of science, instead of discouraging him, only fired his ambition with new zeal.

Neither had the moral nature been dormant in this awakening of the intellectual faculties. Even in his loneliness Roger was not unmindful of those who were pining for the privileges which afforded him so much enjoyment. Unprompted by any one, he provided himself with a box in which to make collections for benevolent claims, but particularly for missionary purposes; and, from his scanty earnings, in it his own contributions were sacredly deposited. The state of those who were living as he had done—without God and without hope in the world—seems to have made a profound impression upon his mind; and, in the secrecy of his heart, as he afterward confessed, he devoted himself to his

Maker, as a missionary of the cross. The Holy Spirit was thus striving with him—leading him, by gentle influences, through the instructions of the Sabbath school, to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

At the age of fourteen Roger was enabled, by some means, to break from his imprisonment in the cotton-factory, and was apprenticed to a copper-plate engraver. But his situation did not prove a permanent one; in two or three years his master failed in business, and the boy was again homeless. For some time he was in great perplexity what course to take. He had not sufficient knowledge of engraving to pursue it with advantage. During all these vicissitudes, however, his relations to the Sabbath school continued unbroken. His improvement had been such that his place as a pupil was exchanged for that of a teacher, and he earnestly endeavored to impart to others the instructions which had been blessed to himself.

About the same time that he entered upon this new office, he opened a barber's

shop, and found it a means of comfortable support. He was now in his seventeenth year, and, with the advice of some of his Christian friends, he connected himself more closely with the people of God, by uniting with a Church in Salford.

The alms-house boy had triumphed! One after another the obstacles in his path had been conquered by his own unaided energies. He had escaped from wearying toil, the darkness of ignorance, and the grindings of extreme poverty. Fortune now seemed to be compensating, by her smiles, for the past sufferings of his cheerless life.

Everything seemed to promise prosperity and happiness. His business arrangements were successful, and his labors allowed him time for self-culture, which he diligently improved. He had the confidence and fellowship of his Christian brethren, and the opportunity for usefulness afforded by his position as a Sabbath-school teacher was a source of great enjoyment to him. The future lay pictured before him in the glowing hues of youth and hope.

THE FALL.

New and unthought-of trials were now in store for our humble hero. A test by which he had never been tried—the test of comparative prosperity—awaited him.

Now is the time, young Roger, to gird thyself anew with the whole armor of God, that thou mayst be able to withstand the wiles of the devil. He comes not in his old garb of filthy rags, pleading the vice and poverty which surround thee as an excuse for the crimes to which he would tempt thee; his appearance is respectable, and the arguments he uses are those with which many quiet their consciences who bear the name of Christ.

Roger Miller found, in the midst of his prosperity, that no situation in life is exempt from trials; and every day brought him some new proof of it. He was anxious to obtain patronage in his new business, and therefore felt obliged to welcome all who came to his shop; he was, in con-

sequence, soon on familiar terms with a class of acquaintances whose pursuits and principles were entirely different from his own. Besides this exposure to "evil communications" with the low and degraded people among whom his business was located, he found it necessary to keep his shop open on the Sabbath. It was, in fact, his harvest-day, on which he took more money, sometimes, than on all the others.

True to the principles in which he had latterly been trained, Roger immediately saw the inconsistency, as well as sinfulness, of this course. He could not take his place before his class in the Sabbath-school, and repeat the solemn words of the fourth commandment, while he was living in open violation of it. The prompt energy and decision which had marked his previous life, displayed itself anew on this occasion. His resolution was immediately taken; he would not violate an emphatic command of God for the sake of increasing his means of subsistence, and the next Sabbath his shop was closed.

As might have been expected, his old

customers deserted him for some place where they could be served without regard to the Lord's day. His business declined from month to month, and in the course of the year he found he could sustain himself no longer in it. In this emergency he sought the advice of one of the members of the Church with which he had united. False to his profession, this avowed follower of our Saviour, in a spirit of worldly-mindedness, recommended him again to open his shop as before, with many specious arguments to quiet his scruples of conscience on the subject. Roger was told that he must take care of his own interests; that, as had been seen, his example would not prevent others from doing wrong; that he would probably soon make sufficient money to exchange this occupation for another more congenial, and that, meantime, he had many opportunities for doing good, which he could improve. The young man listened, yielded, and he afterward confesses:—"In a short time all my real enjoyment in religion, and desire to attend the means of grace, were gone."

As his worldly-minded friend had predicted, his business prospects again brightened, his Sabbath-breaking patrons returned to him, with many a jest at the conscientious scruples which had only lightened his pockets. But his peace of mind, the light which had shone within, even in his darkest fortunes, had entirely gone out.

Hitherto, from the first impulse received in the Sabbath school, his course had been upward. Years of sin and degradation followed this first downward step. He sunk from one degree of vice to another. The wicked associates which his Sabbath-breaking habits brought around him, soon became his only companions. Habits of dissipation were formed which had been unknown in his deepest poverty. About this time he married, but, as will be supposed, his wife was not a professor of religion.

In a few months the worldly prosperity, for which he had sacrificed so much, proved a fitful and uncertain gleam, whose light was soon extinguished by his changed pur-

suits and associations. Added to these, a public revulsion occurred, in which trade became exceedingly depressed. Young Miller's previous habits had not been such as could meet this crisis unmoved. He bore up against his adverse fate for a while, only to find himself, after the struggle, in the bitterest poverty. In this emergency he resolved to go to London, though the means for the journey were procured by the sale of the few remaining goods they possessed. Many were the days and nights spent in anxious perplexity after their arrival. Young Miller found himself incompetent to undertake the hair-dressing business in that vast city, without a single acquaintance to advise or recommend him. He had previously resolved, if every other hope failed, to enlist as a soldier; but, though this point had been reached, he determined to make one more effort to save himself, by endeavoring to find a master who would allow him to finish his apprenticeship at copper-plate engraving. He succeeded, and in a short time found himself again in circumstances

of comfort. His employer, who was a gentleman and a Christian, engaged him on the most generous terms, allowing him two-thirds of all his earnings. The habits of industry and energy in which he had been trained, enabled him often to carry home at the end of the week the largest sum paid to any workman in the shop.

This, however, again brought vicious indulgences within his reach; and though conscience continued to upbraid, her voice was often stifled amid noisy revelings. A depression of trade compelled him to leave his worthy employer, Mr. Bain, after some time had been spent in his establishment. He entered another, where work performed on the Sabbath was paid at a premium of fifty per cent. He was immediately on familiar terms with the dissolute workmen, and soon rivaled any of them in his excesses. The means were readily at his command; but one indulgence led to another, until at last his entire earnings were often insufficient to meet the expenses of his frequent and degrading carousals.

Nine years rolled away in this manner. His family were neglected, almost deserted. His children were growing up in the same ignorance which had darkened his early years. The scenes and associations which surrounded them could not but familiarize them with vice, and prepare them for the ready formation of wicked habits.

NEW RESOLVES.

During this lapse of time, the subject of our narrative had experienced many vicissitudes in his outward circumstances. Work was not always to be had when wanted, and he sometimes found himself in the greatest distress for the means he had so lavishly squandered. He says of himself: "My mind had no real enjoyment, but I carried about me a conscience that was a very hell."

The completion of his apprenticeship was celebrated by a supper to his comrades at a public house, and the feasting and revelry extended far into the night. Miller returned to his home at four o'clock in the morning, to find his neglected wife in a state of utter helplessness. She had been suddenly seized with paralysis of the limbs, and this affliction continued many months. At the same time business declined, his employment ceased, and starvation seemed to be staring his helpless family in the

face. The father struggled for a while with his stern fate, and at length resolved to return to Manchester, where his first steps had been taken toward a better life.

But his trials were not yet completed. The depressed state of trade was felt everywhere; and after his removal, his family, consisting of five children, besides his invalid wife, subsisted entirely on the sale of the few articles of household furniture which they had taken with them from London—the remnants of their better days. During these distresses their youngest child was taken from them by death; this event produced a deep impression on the mind of the unhappy father. Serious reflections arose, which could not be shaken off. He saw the finger of God in the miseries which had gathered about him, for his family was now reduced to a lower point than it had ever reached before. The last available article had been sold, when Mr. Miller received a summons to London, from a gentleman with whom he had formerly worked, offering him employment. The offer was immediately accepted, and a

second time he started for that city, leaving his family till he should earn the money for their removal.

During his journey he had time for serious communings with his own heart. He looked back upon his past life, and saw how sufferings had followed all his wanderings from the path of duty. He had been among the scenes of better hopes and better days, and he traced the terrible consequences of his first false step with bitter upbraidings of conscience. Once more he resolved upon a new life; his old associates were to be forsaken, his old habits changed.

For some time he adhered to these good resolutions, and found his reward in his daily-increasing happiness and prosperity. Business, however, brought him into connection with some of his former vicious associates. His frank and generous nature made him regarded as a choice spirit among them, and his society was always hailed as a great addition to their enjoyment. It was not easy to resist importunities seemingly so disinterested, plied as

they were with flatteries and favors. His good desires had not forsaken him; his good resolutions were not wholly abandoned. He was like a man who advances into the outer edge, the farthermost verge of the circling whirlpool, with a rope about his waist. He feels the eddying waters—he is impelled around with them, and, but for his hold on land, he is irrecoverably lost. But if the rope break, or slip from its fastening—if he ceases to breast the current—if he does not manfully struggle with the inclosing waves for a place beyond their influence, no human power can save him from his terrible fate!

RECOVERY.

One fine Sabbath in December, Mr. Miller had started with some of his companions for a stroll in the country. Perhaps this was the only aim which actuated them in their desecration of God's holy day; but it will readily be perceived how easily they would have fallen into any snare set for their wandering feet. With many a rude jest and noisy laugh they sauntered on,—now past a church, before which were crowding the equipages of the wealthy and titled; and again, where those of their own class, neatly attired and devout, were pressing into the open door of some chapel of humbler pretension. As the trio drew near a building of the latter description, an aged lady, on her way to it, bending over her staff with years and infirmities, held out to them three tracts. The pleasure-seekers felt an instinctive respect for the dignified bearing and advanced age of the donor; the well-meant gift, proffered

with such evident kindness, could scarcely be refused. The tracts were taken with hasty thanks, though many a jest followed the adventure.

Little did the venerable saint imagine the good influence which that silent act was to exert. Perhaps not till her spirit beheld it from the abodes of the blessed, did she know its first results, which are still to go on, widening and deepening, till time shall be no more. Some one has said, "God's word is the 'tree of life,' but tracts are its leaves—the leaves which are for the 'healing of the nations.' Cheap, brief, and pithy statements of religious truth: cheap, that they may be multiplied and scattered broadcast; brief, that they may be read in the moments of leisure which the laboring man may snatch from his toil; and pithy, that they may be read with interest and profit. Such publications ought to fall, like pure snow-flakes, on all lands. Like the fall of the blossom leaves, they would be followed by fruit in due season. If we cannot give whole loaves, let us multiply by breaking them, and scatter the fragments at least."

There is much moral beauty in this quiet and unostentatious agency. The tract distributer, perhaps young and inexperienced, goes with these silent messengers, which find their way to many hearths, where the living witnesses for the truth would obtain no access. They are also a means of usefulness to those who have no other mode of influence. Comparatively few are rich enough in this world's goods to distribute of their abundance to the needy; fewer still possess those mental gifts which command the attention of the thoughtless or the profligate; but this avenue of usefulness is open to all, and these silent appeals are often potent where eloquent lips have spoken in vain. To how many have they been made the instruments for salvation!

When young Miller returned from his rambles he took from his pocket the tract which had been given him. The title arrested his attention; it was: "A Wonder in Three Worlds." He sat down to read it, and became absorbed in its contents. He

finished it, and went forth from his apartment into the open air; but its words were sounding in his ears. There was a meeting in a chapel of the neighborhood, and, for the first time for many years, he entered the house of the Lord. The impression produced upon him by the thoughtful and devout aspect of the worshipers was most profound and salutary. As the services proceeded, memory was busy with the pleasant past, and conscience pictured its contrast with the miserable present. The sweet strains of the singers awoke many slumbering and affecting recollections, to which he had long been a stranger. He, too, once took delight in such scenes. What had displaced those hallowed associations? demanded the still small voice within; and the answer was a bitter one to his heart. The venerable minister arose and named the text:—"And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." If directed by inspiration, the selection could hardly have been more appropriate, more home-directed.

Every word of the aged preacher was like a nail fastened in a sure place. His former religious enjoyment—his past sinfulness—his early sufferings—his seasons of prosperity—the many providences with which he had been visited—all passed in review before him. He resolved, with the help of God, to devote himself anew to his service. On his return home, with tears and prayers, he endeavored to look, as the sermon had instructed him, unto the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. At last the divine light shone in upon his spirit; he felt that he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Peace and joy took possession of his soul, and the candle of the Lord again shone round about.

The most painful reflections of his altered life, were on account of the neglect and ignorance in which he had suffered his family to remain. They were yet in Manchester; but he soon afterward wrote to his wife, telling her of his happy change, and stating distinctly his determinations for the future. He wished her immediate return, that they might together enjoy the

means of grace which had been so blessed to his own soul; and, likewise, that the children might, without delay, commence their attendance upon the Sabbath and day-schools.

This was, indeed, good news to the neglected wife; and she hastened to obey the summons. On rejoining her husband they rented a small attic, at a low rate; and here began life again, with new purposes and destinies. Business was still almost in a state of stagnation, and they were sometimes reduced to one meal a day; but he afterward acknowledged they were happier than ever before. His habits were regular, his few leisure hours were devoted to his family, and he enjoyed a peace and serenity of mind long unknown to him. His children were punctual in their attendance upon the schools, and it was his constant delight to mark their improvement.

Nor was he unmindful of the more active duties of religion, even in this early stage of his renewed Christian experience. He was regular in his observance of the

means of grace—particularly the ministrations of the sanctuary—and active in promoting the more social meetings for prayer and mutual instruction. He visited the sick, and endeavored, both by precept and example, to turn those associated with him from the error of their ways.

In about a year after that remarkable December Sabbath, Mr. Miller presented himself for admission into the Church at Craven, where he heard the sermon which had so arrested his attention.

In a few months after this event we find the following passage in his journal:—

"This is the first time I have sat down with the people of God at the Lord's supper at Craven. O! how solemn is the thought to *me*, on taking a retrospective view. *I*—the most undeserving of all—*I* go there as a backslider—as one that has received endless blessings from the hand of God; but never, till of late, saw my need of a Saviour, although I have professed to know myself and serve my God. O Lord, forgive the past, and bid me now look forward to 'the prize of my high

calling.' Teach me to walk in thy statutes, to love thee more, and serve thee with humility, with reverence, and godly fear. May my communion be with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ! May this day's proceedings prove to be the beginning of good things to my soul, and its enjoyments but a foretaste of heavenly joys that shall never end! Lord God, into thy hands I now commit myself. O! teach me thy holy will, and bless me with thy divine presence. Bless my father in Christ and pastor, and his message to us, and grant that as one holy family we may be knit together in love."

EFFORTS AT USEFULNESS.

We are told in the Scriptures that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." In this light the afflictions with which we are visited by our heavenly Father should be regarded as proofs of his love—not as marks of displeasure. Yet how few Christians receive them in this manner.

In about a year after this dedication of himself to God, Mr. Miller was called to test his trust in him by a severe domestic affliction. His wife was taken from him —leaving him an infant only three days old. But he sorrowed not as those without hope: for he had earnestly endeavored, after his own conversion, to lead her to the same unfailing fountain of happiness; and, through God's blessing, his efforts had succeeded. He yielded her to death, in full and perfect hope of a meeting in the skies.

This event deepened all his impressions

in regard to the importance of a preparation for the eternal world. He felt as if he must be about his Master's business; and every moment snatched from his daily toil was devoted to the spiritual interests of his family, and of the perishing around him. His constant and earnest inquiry was that which must stir every heart where the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit have been truly felt—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

In this spirit of consecration he established and conducted three weekly prayer-meetings, among the poor of his own and adjoining neighborhoods. He gathered a Bible class of young men, which was attended by God's blessing in a special manner; for nearly every one became members of the same Church with himself. He made it his business to visit the sick and dying, and his prayers in their behalf were often blessed to the salvation of their souls. It was wonderful how much he was able to accomplish in the brief intervals of time allowed him. A few moments snatched from his noonday meal, afforded

him the opportunity of offering a prayer at the bedside of some suffering one. When his day's work was finished, his supper was often delayed for hours, while he sought out, in their comfortless abodes, the neglected outcast whom he might in some manner befriend.

The vice and destitution with which Mr. Miller was thus brought in contact in his errands of mercy, often filled his soul with dismay. His brief and interrupted labors seemed almost useless, as he surveyed the ocean of iniquity on which floated this vast and neglected population.

Fearful, almost hopeless, indeed, is the moral degradation of England's metropolis, as represented by her own writers. One of them asserts, in a periodical of the day, that in certain districts of London "a state of social civilization exists as low as is to be found in the far-off regions of Africa." Another gives the following appalling statistics:—"London contains, at the present time, two millions and a half of people—a number more than twice as great as that of the entire population of Wales—more

than double that of the inhabitants of all other country towns and cities of England and of the principality together; and nearly equal to the whole of that of Scotland. And this prodigious population is increasing at the rate of thirty thousand—a number equal to that of the city of York—every year. There are calculated to be not less than twenty-three thousand habitual drunkards annually found helplessly drunk in the streets; about one hundred and fifty thousand are habitual gin-drinkers. There are, it is stated, twenty thousand beggars, thirty thousand thieves, six thousand receivers of stolen goods, four thousand annually committed for criminal offenses, ten thousand persons addicted to gambling, five thousand houses of ill-fame, about one hundred and fifty thousand devoted to debauchery, and twelve thousand children being systematically trained to follow in their steps, and fill up their places. Meanwhile the most numerous, diversified, and mighty agencies for evil are here concentrated, and at work continually. Theaters and operas for every class; gin-palaces

and beer-shops, accompanied by every conceivable attraction; publications the most lascivious, profane, and infidel, in the utmost variety, sent forth in daily tides over all society; houses, in vast numbers, dedicated to debauchery, and an extensive, subtile, and active agency systematically directed to its promotion."

Not more than one-fourth of this immense population are in the habit of attending public worship; with the remaining three-fourths the Sabbath is distinguished from the other days of the week chiefly by the time it allows for vicious indulgence and profane revelry.

And yet, till within a few years, scarcely an attempt had been made for the moral and spiritual wants of these masses. It has been stated that if all the churches of London were crowded to their utmost capacity, not more than half of the population could be accommodated in them. Even if ample provisions were made in this respect, these degraded portions of society would remain almost, if not entirely, uninfluenced by them. The language of

the pulpit would be to them an unknown tongue, as much as in many parts of the heathen world. Thousands of these neglected beings grow up thus in civilized England, without ever hearing the sound of the gospel, even in their dying hours, bequeathing to generations after them the same heritage of vice and ignorance. Truly might it be said, no man cared for their souls.

LONDON CITY MISSION.

In the midst of the varied and distressing scenes in which Mr. Miller was constantly mingling in the course of his humble labors, he was eager to learn everything respecting the benevolent or religious organizations of the day, of which he might avail himself, either for the moral or physical improvement of the objects of his interest. In his earnest search some of the published reports of the London City Missionary Society fell into his hands, and awoke all the early aspirations of his heart for more extended usefulness.

To meet and stem the overwhelming tide of sin and wretchedness, faintly described in the last chapter, the London City Mission was founded, and almost through the enterprising exertions of a single individual—the devoted David Nasmith, of blessed memory—a name which well deserves to go down to posterity as the friend of humanity, in contrast with

the conquerors of the world, whose path has been bedewed with the tears of orphans and widows, and whose footsteps have been marked by desolation.

This every way admirable society commenced its operations in the year 1835. It "consists of pious and benevolent individuals of all denominations of Christians, and its object is to employ intelligent, kind-hearted, godly, and laborious laymen, in the regular and systematic visitation, especially of the poorer classes of London and its vicinity, at their homes, privately to read and expound to them the Scriptures, freely to converse with them on all religious subjects; to circulate religious tracts, books, and the Bible; to hold meetings for prayer and Biblical exposition, and otherwise promote their spiritual, moral, and general instruction and welfare." The first year of its existence, four missionaries were sent forth into the moral waste of the great city. An efficient corps of about three hundred are now employed in almost every imaginable form of usefulness. London is divided and sub-

divided by them, and the amount of good accomplished by them, as ascertained by authentic facts, seems hardly short of miraculous.

In April, 1840, Mr. Miller was employed as one of the laborers in this useful organization. The district to which he was appointed was a part of London called Broadwall. It contained six streets, thirteen courts, four hundred and forty-nine houses, seven hundred and nineteen families, to be systematically visited, and one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight adults. It was one of the most filthy and degraded portions of the city. Many of the courts and places were unprovided with any means of ventilation. The walls of the dark, narrow alleys were blackened with a damp slime. Before many of the houses flows a broad, muddy stream; or a stagnant pool sends up its revolting and poisonous vapors. The interior of these wretched dwellings is but too faithfully indicated by the almost insupportably offensive odors which are exhaled from every opening. One who had faithfully visited them states that many

"are wholly destitute of furniture; many contain nothing except a table and a chair; some few have a common bed for *all ages and both sexes;* but a large proportion of the denizens of these regions lie on a heap of rags, more nasty than the floor itself. Happy is the family that can boast of a single room to itself, and in that room a dry corner." The inhabitants were chiefly of the lowest order of laborers, cobblers, coal-heavers, dustmen, &c.; and many of them lived wholly by theft and depravity. Eighty-eight only, out of about seventeen hundred families, professed to attend public worship, and one hundred and seven were unprovided with the Scriptures. The Sabbath was the great carnival time in these haunts of vice; and swearing, drunkenness, fighting, and crime the established habits.

Most heartily and courageously did Mr. Miller enter upon this seemingly hopeless work. He immediately removed his family to the district where he was to be employed, and commenced his labors with a spirit and activity which could not but succeed. Who better than he could sympathize

with the suffering, the ignorance, the degradation even, of the wretched beings with whom he came in contact? It was but a repetition of his own bitter experience. His official duty as a Home Missionary required his attention to the moral and spiritual wants only of his district. But he freely lent the helping hand, with the encouraging word. His plans for their relief were inexhaustible, and his house became an asylum for those who could find no other resting-place. His second wife, whom he had married about the time of his appointment, entered with ardor into all his schemes for the relief and improvement of these unhappy outcasts.

In his first report, presented in October, 1840, he says: "In the course of my visits, I have had much to contend with, as the people seem to be unacquainted with the nature of my work; but, notwithstanding, I have met with a much more favorable reception than I expected, and am led to believe that, through the goodness of God, my labors will be blessed to the locality."

TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

So signal an instance of the usefulness of tracts had been furnished by Mr. Miller's own conversion, that, as may be supposed, he considered them one of the most valuable means at his command in his new field of labor. He says: "As I was first brought to think of going to a place of worship myself by having a tract put into my hand, I feel a delight in giving them to others." He rarely failed to be out on a Sabbath morning, with his bundle of tracts, among the idlers who thronged his neighborhood.

One of his first and most successful efforts, after his appointment as a Home Missionary, was the formation of a small society, consisting entirely of females, for the circulation of tracts among the wretched women in and about his district. This little band afterward increased into the very useful association known as the "Southwark Auxiliary to the London City

Mission," whose object was to promote the moral and spiritual improvement of females, by providing the fallen with a refuge from temptation, and those of good character with the means of an honest livelihood.

His own house became the office of the society, where their business-meetings were held, and, in fact, the most frequent retreat of those for whose benefit it was designed. He was very soon extensively known among this degraded class. "Go to Mr. Miller, the missionary of Broadwall," said one of these miserable women to a young creature of sixteen, who had fallen a prey to the spoiler,—"Go to Mr. Miller, if you don't like your present life: he will do all he can to get you out of it." In truth, the humble laborer seemed endowed with a gift which made its way to the hearts of the poor and vicious under all circumstances. He possessed a wonderful adaptation to the various dispositions with which he came in contact—a tender-heartedness which was inexhaustible in its sympathies, even for crimes of deepest dye; boundless

generosity, and an unflinching courage that increased his zeal and determination, where opposition was manifested and difficulties were multiplied. The principal secret of his success, however, was in his unwavering faith. The faith which removes mountains and "overcometh the world" was eminently his. He felt that he could do all things through Christ who strengthened him.

From one locality on his district all religious visitors and tract-distributers had been driven by the rude insults, and even violence, with which they had been treated. It was, indeed, a precinct of hell—a court inhabited by the most abandoned characters, in which scarcely a respectable house could be found. Mr. Miller saw immediately that some new and vigorous measure must be adopted, or the inhabitants must be left hopeless and uncared for in their corruption. He resolved to visit each house separately, and by some appeal to the inmates, to get admission for his tract-distributers, as well as for his future labors. His success was so com-

plete that an aged man, who had been a tract-distributer for twenty years, said to him: "Why, friend Miller, what have you been doing in —— Court? Formerly, the people would not have my tracts, and would tell me that if I came there, they would put me on the fire; but now they tell me they are *obliged* to me. May the blessing of God still attend your labors, my dear friend!"

His own distribution of tracts was always accompanied with his card, and an invitation to call upon him, for any assistance in his power to render. This generous measure won immediate regard among those, who were so unaccustomed to the voice of kindness.

Every circumstance, even those which seemed most untoward, was taken advantage of for his diversified plans of usefulness. Sitting one day at his dinner-table, a man came in front of the house, with some amusing machinery, with which he played odd tricks, balancing ladders on his chin, &c. A crowd of three hundred persons collected in a few minutes. "I de-

termined," said Mr. Miller, "to distribute some tracts among them, and took with me a quantity of 'The Brazen Serpent.' As soon as I began to move, the ring was broken up. The people rushed to me for the tracts, many of them thanking me for them. One man tore his into pieces, on which I expostulated and reasoned with him. He at length went off amid the groans of the people, and made all haste to get round the corner of the street."

On another occasion, the papers announced the funeral procession of a gentleman of distinction, which was to be accompanied with all the pageantry of wealth. Anticipating the immense crowd which would gather on the occasion, four thousand tracts were collected from various sources. He afterward writes: "I distributed three thousand tracts, and was surprised and delighted with the eager manner in which they were received. On the evening of the same day, a friend of mine was met by a young man who had been to see the sight, and who told him that he had seen a gentleman there giving

away tracts. 'I got one,' added he, 'and I hope I shall never forget the thoughts it gave rise to in my mind, while reading it.' It was headed, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'"

Every occasion of reaching the most desperate, and what would have seemed to others utterly hopeless cases, was eagerly seized and faithfully improved by him. An execution was to take place: arming himself with the powerful tracts, in which he so much trusted, he preceded the crowd which were to gather for the awful scene. "I was at the front of the Old Bailey," (the place of execution,) says Mr. Miller, "soon after four o'clock in the morning. To my surprise, there were even then from three to four thousand people assembled. My motive for being there so soon was, to supply those with tracts who would get close to the gallows, and especially to see the class of persons who got there so early.

Many of the men were drunk, and used the most abusive language to me when they were presented with tracts: but those

who were sober, received them with all kindness and good feeling. The crowd constantly increased, and by six o'clock became immense. I kept continually near the outside, and when the unhappy man was brought out upon the scaffold, found myself in Ludgate Hill. I was not a little pleased to find that numbers of people were not only eager to get the tracts, but also to read them. I distributed five thousand five hundred. I saw, however, that it would have been impossible to have done anything had it been left to the last."

He seemed ever to be at his post, "instant in season." One Sabbath morning, accompanied by his peaceful messengers, he gave one to a man passing along with his little daughter. He had once been a member of the Church, but had forsaken the paths of religion, and like the character described in the Scripture, his latter state was worse than the first. With an oath, the man threw down the tract. So far from any feelings of resentment being awakened by this, the kind-hearted missionary immediately resolved to see him

at his own house, and seized the earliest opportunity for the accomplishment of his purpose. He was received at the door with curses, and forbidden to enter. So skillfully, however, were the circumstances managed, that before Mr. Miller's departure, the man thanked him for his interest and begged him to come again. He was soon, with his little daughter, a regular attendant upon public worship.

These are but a few instances, out of many which might be selected, illustrative of his extraordinary diligence and promptitude, and of the success which was a necessary consequence of such laborious efforts, accompanied as they were by an all-prevailing faith.

INFANT AND ADULT SCHOOLS.

One of the most painful appeals to the tenderness of Mr. Miller's nature, upon entering his new sphere of usefulness was, the deplorable condition of the children in his district. Utterly neglected, as most of them were by their wretched parents, their only resort was the streets, where, in a state of filth, revolting to behold, they became proficients in all the wicked practices by which they were surrounded. Lying, fighting, swearing, and theft, were the necessary consequences of this course. The kind-hearted missionary looked upon them with the most painful interest. If he could but gather them to some comfortable shelter, and provide means for their instruction, who could calculate the good which might be accomplished? This scheme for their improvement took entire possession of his mind. With his usual promptitude, he resolved that it should be accomplished. He consulted with some benevolent indi-

viduals upon the subject, and after many discouragements and defeats, the school was opened, with eighty children, seventy-three of whom had never been within the walls of such a place before. In a short time the number increased to one hundred and sixty, and one hundred and twenty-eight of these came for the first time in their lives under such training. This was one of the labors of his first year.

This school became a source of vast influence with Mr. Miller, among those for whom he so earnestly labored. It gave him access to the parents of the children, in a manner which he could not otherwise have obtained. Many of them—driven by circumstances to this abandonment of their little ones—scarcely seemed to care what became of them during the long day in which they were left to their fate. Few among them, however, were so hardened as not to be touched with the infant accents lisping the hymns and words of Holy Writ, learned in the infant school.

Mr. Miller one day called with tracts at a house where he knew a most depraved

family resided. The father met him with threats and curses, and forbade his ever entering the door again. Nothing daunted, however, by his reception, after a short time had elapsed, the visit was repeated, accompanied, as before, with his constant companions, the tracts. The husband was at this time absent; but the wife was scarcely less violent in her opposition to everything good. Her language was most abusive. The good missionary, with his wonted tact, immediately saw that the only hope for these abandoned people was in the improvement of the children. Notwithstanding his rough treatment, he told the mother of the infant school, where her children might be sent, and where they would be comfortably kept and cared for during the day. He offered, if she would wash them thoroughly, to take them immediately to it; and, in a few minutes, he left the inhospitable doors in triumph. After the children had been some months at the school, Mr. Miller, in one of his visits, again found the father at his home. But the lion had lain down at the feet of

the lambs. The ruffian had been subdued by the gentle teachings of his children, and the kind visitor was received with cordiality. He spoke with delight of the improvement of his little ones—of the pleasure he took in hearing their hymns sung, and their lessons repeated. He soon began to attend public worship, became an earnest seeker for the truth as it is in Jesus, and finally a believer unto salvation.

Two children, who had been for some months attendants on this school, were taken sick with scarlet-fever. A short time before their death, Johnnie, the eldest, began to sing the following, which he had been taught at the school:—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hand had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said—"

His sister here interrupted with repeated

attempts to accompany him, as she had been accustomed to do. Finding herself unable, from weakness, she desisted, and begged Johnnie to give it up. But Johnnie said: "Sister, I *must* sing one more line;" and his strength was sufficient to carry him through the concluding one of the verse—

"Let the little ones come unto me."

Scarcely an hour elapsed before they were singing, with the cherubim, the new song in heaven. It may be imagined what an effect such an incident would produce even upon the most thoughtless and depraved parents.

In one of his reports, Mr. Miller says of the school:—"It is of great value to me in my visits to the people, as by it their prejudices are subdued, and kindliness is excited toward me. It is also an asylum, indeed, to many of the poor children themselves. Their parents bring them at eighteen months old, and not unfrequently before they are weaned; and it is now no unusual thing to hear children at play on

the district, singing some of their school hymns, or pieces, who, but for it, would, in all probability, have been singing profane and lascivious songs instead."

This improvement in those who were to fill the places occupied by their vicious and ignorant parents, was a great satisfaction to the kind-hearted missionary. For them he felt that the future was secured, as far as it had been possible, by his efforts. The utter ignorance of the mothers of these children weighed heavily upon his heart. Few of them knew how to read or write. He was not satisfied with pitying their condition; with the decision and energy which marked his character, he resolved that something should be done. He succeeded in awakening an interest for the project with some benevolent ladies, who promised all the assistance in their power. With this slight prospect of encouragement, an evening school was opened for adult females. Thirteen made their appearance on the first Thursday, and the number very soon increased to thirty-four. Mrs. Miller had charge of this school, as-

sisted by some benevolent young ladies. It was commenced and closed with devotional exercises; reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught, and instruction was given in the moral and religious duties of the attendants. It was productive of incalculable good in the district.

On one occasion, a poor widow was found extremely ill; her sickness had been produced by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, and she was the mother of five children. These were taken, by Mr. Miller, to the infant and Sabbath schools. He visited the mother constantly, and endeavored, in her affliction, to lead her to the only true source of consolation. On her recovery she became a regular attendant upon his adult school, a worshiper at Surrey chapel on the Sabbath, and, eventually, a member of the Church. Nor was this all. This ignorant woman—rescued, almost, from the brink of the grave—plucked, indeed, like a brand from the burning—was unceasing in her efforts to lead those around her to "turn from their evil ways and live." In three years after

her own reformation, during which her character was irreproachable, she had conducted eleven persons to the house of the Lord, who became, through her efforts, regular attendants upon the ministry of the word. One of these persons was her own father, whose life had been one of utter profligacy. The change produced in him—extending as it did to his long-established habits of wickedness—could only have been effected by that regenerating power which had created him anew in Christ Jesus.

Among his varied and ceaseless efforts for those intrusted to his care, was the establishment of a class, for the instruction of the Jewish children in the vicinity. Twenty-eight of these were soon collected, from ten to eighteen years of age. In order to secure their attendance, it was important to conform somewhat to their religious prejudices; the Scriptural exercises were, therefore, entirely from the Old Testament. Many of the pupils, however, as they advanced in the elementary branches taught in the school, were curious to know

something of the religion which had prompted these benevolent efforts in their behalf. The New Testament was voluntarily read by these, and thus they were enabled to look on Him whom they had pierced. They seemed eager and grateful for the instructions received, and many strong and lasting attachments were formed between those thus brought in contact. This class continued in operation many years, and was found very useful.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

The two extremes of humanity had been thus provided in Mr. Miller's district with the means of instruction. The children were taken from the corrupting associations to which the neglect of the parents exposed them, comfortably sheltered and kindly cared for during the entire day, and taught also habits of industry and cleanliness. The evening school for adult females, as far as it could get access to them, made up for the want of early training, which was one of the chief causes of their degradation.

But there was another large class, which literally swarmed in the district where our energetic missionary labored, for whom no adequate efforts had yet been made. They were the youths of both sexes, from seven to fourteen years of age, born in crime, and systematically trained to it. The ingenuity, the persevering patience which is exercised in teaching these young minds

the ways of sin, might serve as examples in a better cause. It is said children are taught what is called light-fingering, in the dialect of this depraved class, in the following manner:—

A small piece of money is put in a bag, upon which are fastened several little bells; it is then suspended from the ceiling. The young practitioner wins the money, who succeeds in obtaining it without allowing the bells to give the slightest alarm. The expertness required for this performance, shows the previous training which must have been practiced in other departments. Many of these neglected children are turned into the streets to beg or steal, at an incredibly early age, by their unnatural parents, and cruelly beaten if they are unsuccessful in returning at night with their ill-gotten gains.

The Rev. Mr. Guthrie, the eminent clergyman to whom the ragged schools of Edinburgh owe their origin, relates the following incident: "I was returning from a meeting one night, about twelve o'clock: it was a fierce blast of wind and rain. A

piteous voice and a shivering boy pressed me to buy a tract. I asked the child why he was out in such a night, and at such an hour. He had not got his money; he dared not go home without it; he would rather sleep in a stair all night. I asked him what his father was. 'I have no father, sir; he is dead.' His mother? 'She is very poor.' 'But why keep you out here?' and then reluctantly the truth came out. I knew her well, and had visited her wretched dwelling. She was a tall, dark, gaunt, gipsy-looking woman, who, notwithstanding a cap of which it could be but premised that it had once been white, and a gown that it had once been black, had still some traces of one who had seen better days; but now she was a drunkard; sin had turned her into a monster; and she would have beaten that poor child within an inch of death if he had been short of the money, by her waste of which she starved him, and fed her own accursed vices."

These children are systematically trained to lying—taught to repeat tales of suffer-

ing, by fire, or flood, or sickness, with bold front and unquailing eye, in order to extort money from the pitying listener. Others are what is called "mud-larks," earning their subsistence with what coals, corks, and sticks they may pick up, by wading in the mud at ebb-tide. Few of them have homes, depending for shelter for their wearied limbs upon the protection of some friendly door-way, or, at best, upon that furnished by the lodging-houses. Many are orphans, and many worse than orphans, for they are the children of convicts; their parents are perhaps in prison, or they have been transported beyond the seas for their crimes. What remains for these offspring of sin? Begging and stealing are their only resorts, and they are pursued with as much avidity and regularity as the tradesman's or laborer's daily toil.

But, it will be asked, is no provision made by government for these helpless ones? The British government has indeed provided in one way for these miserable children of want; and though it is honorable to her humanity that this has

been done, a burning blush should overspread Christendom, that the richest empire in the world has, as yet, made no other. Let us learn what it is: enlightened England, glorying in possessions upon which the sun never sets, renowned for her flourishing and numerous benevolent institutions, her vast missionary operations, her far-reaching schemes of philanthropy, provides her own forsaken and ignorant children with *prison-schools.* Care and education are the reward of their crimes. Let them once be convicted of some theft, or other misdemeanor against the laws of the realm, and the young criminal is secure of a comfortable subsistence, and also of the benefits of an education during his term of imprisonment. The distinguished clergyman from whom we have quoted remarks: "Their only passage to school is through the police-office; their passport is a conviction of crime. Instead of first punishing crime, and then, through means of a prison-education, trying to prevent its repetition, we appeal to men's common sense, common interest, humanity, and

Christianity, if it were not better to support a plan which would reverse this process, and seek to prevent, that there may be no occasion to punish."

From the population above described, has been gathered from time to time, by the Christian philanthropists of England, the materials for the ragged schools, of which in our own favored country we have, as yet, heard only by the hearing of the ear. When they were first established in Liverpool, it is said that the number of children who had no other opportunity of receiving instruction, amounted to twenty thousand. They were opened for the most wretched, —the most friendless—"the children of rags, born in beggary and for beggary."

These associations are varied in their character by the localities and circumstances in which they are formed. In some cases they are held on Sabbath evening, and the pupils are instructed in the truths of religion; others teach the elementary branches of knowledge every evening of the week; others, on a larger scale of benevolence, keep the children during the day,

providing them with plain, wholesome food, and in this manner securing their regular attendance. A good meal, to a hungry child, is the best incentive to his regularity and industry.

Mr. Miller, with his usual sagacity, saw the advantages of this unique system of instruction, and very soon after his appointment as a Home Missionary, amid his various labors, connected himself with a Sabbath-evening ragged school, at some distance from his own district. It is said to have been the first of its kind established in London. Mr. Miller, after engaging as a teacher in it for some time, was for years employed as its secretary. In the latter relation he was particularly a means of benefit to the school, by making its operations more extensively known through his reports, and his unceasing personal efforts in its behalf.

The idea of a ragged school in his own district, on a somewhat novel plan, had long been a favorite one with the active-minded missionary. To almost any one, however, the difficulties would have seemed

insurmountable. But nothing could daunt his courageous spirit. "I feel persuaded," he says, "that I have only to begin the work in a spirit of faith and prayer, and the mountain will disappear."

In the year 1844, an old building in the neighborhood of St. Giles, called "the Rookery," was pulled down, and its miserable inhabitants sought shelter in the district of Mr. Miller's labors. Many entire families, such as we have attempted to describe, were thus brought under his observation. Within the limits to which his exertions were more particularly confined, it was found that there were two thousand seven hundred and forty-six of this description, under fourteen years of age. Nearly half of this number were destitute of all instruction, except what had been furnished them by the Sunday-evening ragged school to which we have referred. This large increase of the degraded and ignorant in his district, magnified the difficulties in the way for their improvement; but this only gave impulse and energy to Mr. Miller's resolutions. He was now

fully determined upon a week-evening ragged school, and he was for some time revolving plans in his mind for its commencement, and seeking in his daily walks for a suitable place in which to open it.

About this time Lord Ashley, a nobleman more distinguished by his activity in the cause of humanity, than even by his elevated position in society, became acquainted with, and warmly interested in, Mr. Miller's schemes of usefulness among the poor. He frequented his house, and accompanied him for several days on his visiting rounds, witnessing scenes of suffering of which most of his own class are in utter ignorance. At one of his interviews at the home of the missionary, the project of the evening school was suggested. It was warmly approved by the generous-hearted nobleman, who promised all the assistance in his power. Thus encouraged, Mr. Miller immediately set about his favorite project with his usual energy. It was some time before a suitable place could be procured, and at last it was found

necessary to fit one up for the purpose at an expense of more than a hundred dollars, all of which was collected through the inexhaustible zeal of this faithful and devoted laborer.

The more extensive plans for the improvement of these children of beggary were silently revolving in his own mind, ready to be developed as circumstances indicated, and the means were procured. Meantime, the knowledge of the anticipated experiment was diffused as widely as possible, while the preparations were completing.

RAGGED SCHOOLS—CONTINUED.

On the evening of July 13th, 1846, the long-desired school was opened for the first time, at half-past six o'clock. The numbers which crowded for admission far exceeded the capabilities of the building provided for their reception. It was ascertained that not more than one hundred and forty could be accommodated advantageously, and half of these were of each sex.

A rare scene, indeed, this gathering presented. Faithfully depicted, it would have been an illustration of low life seldom to be met with. The dirt and squalor which marked them all, the strange mixture of suffering and cunning upon their features, their perfect independence of manner, the result of their self-supporting habits, and their unlimited freedom, all together produced an impression at once pathetic and ludicrous. Young as they were, many of them had been several times inmates of the jails of the metropolis, and scarcely

one could be said to be of respectable parentage or decent habits.

A moment's reflection will suggest the extreme difficulty, the almost impossibility, of a system of management which would immediately regulate this motley assemblage. The first thing to be done, evidently, was in some manner to gain and fix the attention of these shrewd and sharpened intellects, for such most of them really were. It was necessary at once to interest and divert them from the many attempts which were quickly tried to turn all the preliminary measures into ridicule. This was most successfully accomplished. Seizing a rude joke uttered by one of the boys, to which the whole school responded with uncontrollable laughter, the master gained the key to their hearts and to their future improvement. "Yes," said he, repeating the snatch of their favorite song which had just been quoted, "suppose you had a donkey what wouldn't go, and you had a load of corn to carry to a given place, and you found yourself in consequence conquered; would that be right in the donkey?"

"No, sir," was the general response. "Certainly not," said the master; "and I hope that young man does not mean to compare you to donkeys. I should be sorry to do so; for you have minds that can think and reason—you have souls that will not die; and my desire is to lead you to exercise those minds, and to learn the value of your souls. But let me here just say, you must not look on the donkey as being everywhere that stupid and unmanageable sort of animal which the cruelty of Englismen has made him. If he is well fed and regularly cleaned, he is a pretty and useful creature. In some countries, even princes would think it no disgrace to ride upon one; and if you and I become more acquainted, I shall be able to tell you of a Prince of princes who rode on one. But now, to come back to the point we had in hand, there is the donkey and the load to be carried, and this young man wants the donkey to go; tell me what is to be done." "Why, hold out a bunch of carrots before his nose," was the ready answer. "That," said the master, "would be very kind of

you; and you may depend upon it, that donkey would like it much better than the broomstick, such as many beat and torture him with."

The ideas thus suggested—the necessity for obedience, the law of kindness, the inducements to improvement which would be held forth to them—were skillfully brought out till every leer, every grimace, every strange antic, was forgotten in their absorbing interest in the teacher's words. As he concluded with—"Now, my boys, follow me into our own school-room," and led the way to the apartment appropriated to them, his control over them was established. Their submission and their applause were often manifested in a novel and somewhat uncouth manner; but not the less was it the sincere expression of their hearts. When the teacher, in an unrestrained burst of admiration, was styled a "jolly old cove," it was because the words were the most complimentary form of expression they knew how to frame.

The difficulties in the way of instruction were many of them irremediable. Most

of the pupils came to their studies after a day of toil, commenced before the earliest streak of dawn. They were often overpowered with fatigue, and dropped asleep over their books. "What time do you get up, my boy," said the teacher to a little fellow, who had vainly endeavored to keep his eyes open the latter part of the evening. "About three o'clock," was the reply. "And why so soon?" he was again asked. "'Cause I sells water-cresses; and if I didn't go at that time, I couldn't get 'em."

Some came punctually at the hour for the opening of the school, faint with hunger. On one occasion, a pipe and some tobacco were taken from the hands of two boys scarcely a dozen years of age. Upon inquiry, it appeared that when they had no food to eat, they were in the habit of satisfying the cravings of the stomach by smoking.

One of the most serious difficulties met with in the management of the boys, was the disposition for fighting among them, which seemed a part of their very natures.

Strong parties were sometimes formed, and they came to school armed with sticks, to be used after dismissal, which they vainly endeavored to conceal in their tattered garments. One or two attempts of this kind, made it advisable to secure the attendance of a policeman at the school. At first view this would seem an impolitic step; but the young man who was selected for this service, possessed good qualifications, and had had some experience as a Sabbath-school teacher. He often assisted the pupils in their difficult studies, and so won their affections, that in the warmth of their admiration he was dignified as the "king of the peelers."*

This benevolent effort seemed blessed in a peculiar manner with the smiles of Providence. Its success was manifest and immediate. In addition to the elementary branches of knowledge, they were taught singing. This interested them exceedingly, and the proficiency made by them seemed almost incredible.

The improvement of the pupils in their

* Peeler is the "slang" term for a police-officer.

studies, was scarcely less marked than that of their morals and deportment. A spirit of independence characterized them, notwithstanding their extreme poverty; they were anxious, as far as possible, to pay for the articles furnished them. Many of those who learned to write, paid for their copy-books. Several subscribed in the smallest sums, till sixpence was accumulated, when they were furnished with Bibles from the Ragged-School Union. Mr. Miller mentions in one of his reports, that eighty-four had supplied themselves with copy-books, and seventy-three had been furnished with Bibles, most of which had been paid for in farthing subscriptions.

After several months' successful operation, an experiment was attempted which proved a most beneficial and important one. The first four evenings of the week the exercises of the school continued the same as have been described; those considered the most deserving, were then furnished with a ticket of admission to what were termed the "Industrial Classes," for the remaining two evenings. At these

times they were instructed in useful employments, by which their future livelihoods were to be obtained. The girls were taught needle-work, and the boys tailoring and shoe-making, by persons well qualified, and hired for the purpose. They were supplied with materials by the indefatigable missionary, who collected cast-off clothes from his friends, and those interested in the success of the project. These were repaired or re-modeled by the members of the various classes, who were paid small sums for their labor; they were then sold at low prices to the others, or distributed as rewards among the more needy and deserving. It was stated at the close of the first six months, that "the tailors had made numerous caps, and several pairs of trowsers, the button-holes only being the work of their teacher; the shoemakers also had made surprising progress." The greatest eagerness was manifested to gain access to this department, and it proved a powerful stimulus to good behavior and regularity of attendance.

Bargains of mutual service were often

made between the two trades; while the tailor repaired the ragged garment, the cobbler mended the gaping shoe. At one time Mr. Miller observed a little fellow intensely occupied in soling and heeling a pair of boots, which he supposed were his own, brought in a day or two previous for repairs. To encourage the young apprentice, he offered a generous sum for their completion. They were satisfactorily finished, and nicely cleaned; but when handed to Mr. Miller for trial, it was found that they had been given to the school by one of its warmest friends—an eminent barrister at law. Upon learning the incident, the donor paid the promised sum for them, and afterward wore them at public celebrations of ragged schools, as a proud trophy of success in the department of labor in which he was so much interested.

Within six months after the introduction of the industrial department, several dollars were received for clothes made and purchased by the scholars. At one time not less than one hundred and eight garments were charged to the account of as

many subscribers, and the entire sum required was often paid in farthing installments. In many cases, months were necessary to complete the requisite amount. A little fellow who had paid one penny toward a shirt, ran into the school-room one day, exclaiming: "Here is sixpence! this is ALL for my shirt, and will pay for it. A gentleman asked me to hold his horse; I did so a good while; and when he came out he could not find any halfpence, so he said, 'Never mind, here is a sixpence for you,' and drove off. So it was a slice of good luck for me, sir."

Lord Ashley continued to feel the liveliest interest in the effort which he had done much to promote; he wrote an account of its progress, intended to direct the attention of legislators to the success of this philanthropic movement. He often visited the school, and was at great pains to collect the most accurate statistics in regard to its advancement.

He states that "the expenses of this establishment are moderate: the entire cost, including wages to master-tailor, master-

shoemaker, and mistress of the needle-girls, being only about threepence a week for each child, on the average attendance of one hundred and twenty-four, and not much more than a penny on the full complement of those admitted."

These schools, the result of the benevolent efforts of a few philanthropic individuals, have, since these early attempts, increased in number and efficiency. A distinguished female writer has recently published the following account of them:—

"I visited the Industrial Ragged School for boys, intended for the lowest grade of these little children, without parents, or abandoned by them to the influences of crime. There I saw the first class sitting in their rags, upon benches in a cold room, arranging, with their little frost-bitten fingers, bristles for the brush-maker. The faces of the boys were clean; many of them I remarked were handsome; and almost universally they had beautiful and bright eyes. Those little fingers moved with extraordinary rapidity; the boys were evidently wishful to do their best;

they knew that they, by that means, should obtain better clothing, and would be removed to the upper room, and more amusing employment. I observed these 'dangerous classes,' just gathered up from the lanes and the kennels, on their way to destruction, and was astonished when I thought that their countenances might have borne the stamp of crime.

"In the upper room, a great number of boys were busy pasting paper bags for various trades, confectioners, etc., who make use of such in the rapid sale of their wares; here, also, other boys were employed in printing upon the bags the names and residences of the various tradesmen who had ordered them. The work progressed rapidly, and seemed very amusing to the children. The establishment for their residence, and their beds, were poor, but all was neat and clean; the air was fresh, and the children cheerful. The institution was, however, but yet in its infancy, and its means were small.

"Half a dozen women, in wretched clothes, sat in the entrance-room, with

their boys, for whom they hoped to gain admittance into the school; and were now, therefore, waiting till the directors of the establishment made their appearance."*

One great advantage of attendance upon the school established by Mr. Miller, was the opportunity it offered of procuring situations for those capable of filling them. Many of the pupils were furnished with places of employment, affording them a comfortable livelihood, instead of the uncertain and degrading practices in which they had been engaged. Often the most gratifying intelligence was received from their employers. A lady who had taken two girls into her service, after a fair trial of them, sent the following statement to a member of the school committee:—

"My Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you that the two girls I took as servants from the Broadwall Ragged School, are going on very well. Their willingness and anxiety to oblige, more than compensate for any inefficiency in

* Miss Bremer.

their work; and I prefer them much to the generality of servants to be had in the usual way. I have not detected them in any falsehood, and there is a willingness to attend divine worship which I am much pleased with."

Great joy was it to the devoted missionary to witness these gratifying results of his labors. The seed, sown as it had been among many tares—watered with tears, and nurtured by prayers—was now yielding its rich and abundant fruit.

THE OUTCAST.

The Scriptures assert "that the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost;" but, notwithstanding this explicit declaration, there are certain classes of the "lost" who seem, by general consent, to be almost shut out from even this emphatic provision of mercy. Christians who have received the assurance from their divine leader, that "according to your faith shall it be unto you," nevertheless frequently express their despair of salvation for certain sinners. The followers of Him who promised the thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," are often hopeless of those, at the present day, who are guilty of the same sin.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more," said the lips which spake as never man spake, to the sinful woman. Rarely are these sentiments breathed in the ears of the erring ones of Christendom.

Scarce a helping hand is stretched out to lift them from the degradation in which they have fallen; scarce a ray of light shineth in their dark places.

For this neglected class, Mr. Miller and his wife felt the strongest interest; a case of the kind never appealed to them in vain. His house was often the home of these fallen ones for days, while he sought for their admission to the places of refuge provided for them. His whole missionary life was marked by his exertions for those from whom nearly all others turned away.

One of the female tract distributers, happening to meet one of these degraded beings, made a kind but earnest appeal to her better feelings; she was assured that every assistance would be rendered for her restoration to the paths of virtue. The right chord was touched; inquiries followed; she was taken to Mr. Miller's house, where she remained a week. To most people the case would have seemed an absolutely hopeless one; for, as was afterward found, the wretched woman had been born, brought up, and trained in in-

famy. Full of faith in the salvation provided by Him who "came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance," the persevering missionary procured her admission into an asylum. Through his constant visits and prayers, she was led to a knowledge of the Saviour; and afterward, when removed to a hospital, for the purpose of having a severe surgical operation performed, her trust in Him was unshaken; it was her support. Mr. Miller says of her, when her recovery was deemed hopeless: "Her faith and patience are such as would render her a pattern to many of greater pretensions. She rejoices especially in the recollection that she has been brought to seek the Lord; and expresses the utmost confidence in God, and resignation to his will."

Another instance of extraordinary interest is recorded in one of Mr. Miller's reports of the society. As a gentleman was crossing one of the bridges of London, at a late hour of a dark night, his attention was arrested by the tall figure of an apparently frenzied woman, in the act of throw-

ing herself into the Thames. The stranger sprang forward and saved her. She was conveyed to one of the nearest houses, where she was soon recognized as one of the most abandoned women with which the streets of the great metropolis abound. Though but twenty-two years old, she seemed hardened in sin—expressing no repentance for her past life, nor gratitude for her escape from sudden and awful death. Mr. Miller learned of the suicidal attempt, which had been made in a fit of drunken despair; he had her immediately removed to his own house, where she remained about two weeks, while he was arranging for her admission to the female penitentiary. In this retreat she resided about six months, during which the missionary's visits, and efforts for her salvation, were unremitting. At the end of this time, she was transferred to an asylum, on account of her exemplary conduct. She proved an uncommonly capable and energetic person, and was highly valued by the institution. Through Mr. Miller's efforts, a situation as servant was procured for her,

in an excellent family, where she remained two years, when she married an industrious mechanic—a widower, with two children. Her husband had steady employment, and his family became orderly, happy, and prosperous, under her energetic and efficient control. They were regular attendants upon public worship, and sustained themselves with respectability in all the relations of life. The restored woman felt the most filial regard for Mr. Miller, whom she looked upon as the means of her salvation. Her character not only remained unblemished, in her new situation, but she continued to discharge its duties in a manner which might have served as a model to others. During the prevalence of the cholera in London, in 1849, one of her husband's daughters was seized with the disease: after nursing her with the tenderest care till her death, she was herself attacked, and died in a few days, "rejoicing in hope."

One of the tract distributers brought to Mr. Miller's house a poor creature, but fourteen years of age—the daughter of a

woman so abandoned that she had devoted her child to her own infamous life. The girl expressed her anxiety to gain an honest living. Through the unwearying missionary's efforts, she was placed in an asylum, and afterward in a comfortable situation, where she was carefully guided in the paths of virtue.

Another young woman went, with one of his cards, which had been given her by an acquaintance of Mr. Miller's, to his house. He says of her: "She had come to request me either to get her into an asylum, or to effect, if possible, her restoration to her home. It being too late to take her home that night, I paid for her night's lodging, and, early on the following day, set off, with her directions, to seek her parents. I found all in accordance with what she had said. They are very comfortably situated, her father having an income of £100 per annum. When they heard of their child, they were deeply affected, and immediately consented to receive her to their home. I accordingly returned, and, taking her with me back

again, restored her to the arms of her mother. Their meeting together was a touching sight. I took my leave of the now happy mother and daughter, having first commended them to God in prayer."

In one of the most notorious houses of his district, a young woman lay dangerously sick; there was scarcely a hope of her recovery. The missionary stood by her bedside, in the wretched kitchen, and told her he had come to befriend her. In two hours after he entered the miserable abode, the invalid was comfortably settled in the neighboring hospital. Here, under judicious treatment, she gradually recovered, and was soon admitted to an asylum, through the efforts of this untiring friend of the friendless. Faithful exhortations, well-selected tracts, and religious reading, were furnished her, and, in a short time, began to have their effect upon the heart, which had become softened under the influences of kindness and encouragement. Her sad history was soon told. Born and educated in a country town, where her father was a clergy-

man, and early bereft of a mother's care, she had fallen a prey to the spoiler. Bitterly feeling the disgrace brought upon them, her father and brothers disowned her; and, in reply to Mr. Miller's repeated letters in her behalf, utterly refused to receive her again to the family circle. Undismayed by these discouragements, the kind-hearted missionary continued his appeals to them for more than a year and a half, when the father's heart, touched by his child's reformation, relented, and he consented to her return. Her humility, industry, and docility, soon won his confidence, and, in a short time, she had the entire charge of his domestic arrangements, and, soon afterward, was received into the Church, and became one of its most active and efficient members. She was warmly interested in the Sabbath-school cause, and was the able superintendent of the female department of the one with which she was connected, till her marriage to a respectable tradesman. She removed to London, where she continued active in all Christian duties, sus-

taining an unimpeachable reputation in her new relations. "In fact," said Mr. Miller, "I have more hope of these than of others." His confidence was well-grounded, for his success seemed truly wonderful.

A young woman, who had pursued her sinful career about four months, overheard some of the missionary's exhortations to the wicked landlady in whose tenement she resided. His words found their way to her heart. She resolved to relinquish her present life, regardless of the difficulties which must be encountered. Several times she went to the missionary's house, before she found him at home; and then, with tears and sobs, told him her sad story, and her desire to forsake the broad road leading to destruction. She did not ask in vain. She had appealed to a nature inexhaustible in its sympathies. Every encouragement was offered, and the wanderer was reclaimed.

A half-frantic mother came one day to ask for Mr. Miller's assistance in discovering the retreat of her only child. She was

but sixteen years old, and had gone, the day previous, to a fair, from which she had not returned. In less than a week she was found, in one of the sinful haunts, where she had been betrayed. The parents, to whom her fall was almost a death-blow, removed from London—the father selling out his interest in a profitable business, to escape the infamy with which her disgrace had covered them. He allowed Mr. Miller a sufficient sum for her respectable maintenance; but refused to see her, till her subsequent conduct had established the reality of her reformation. She was eventually restored to her parents, and to a life of respectability.

Those occupying respectable positions in society, can form but little idea of the temptations to which the poorer classes are exposed, in the larger European cities; the villany often practiced upon the innocent and unsuspecting—plunging them in degradation, by one false step, by which their return to virtue is rendered almost an impossibility. What encouragement is held out to the fallen woman, to forsake

the paths which "take hold on hell?" Let there be but the suspicion of impropriety, and the good and pure of her own sex flee in terror from her. Even the mute appeal of the tearful eye and haggard face, can never reach those who, wrapped in their own spotless robes of purity, turn with disgust from the soiled garments of their fallen sisters. It is not strange that so many of them terminate their wretched lives by suicide. Often loathing the sins into which they have been tempted, and earnestly desiring to forsake them, they are repelled by society with scorn and contempt, from an effort to reform. The intoxicating cup tempts them with its promised forgetfulness of their miseries, or the specter hand beckons to a termination of them by self-destruction.

One more instance, out of many which might be selected from this department of usefulness, usually considered so hopeless. A beautiful young woman, but sixteen years of age, who, two weeks previous, was the light and joy of her poor but respectable parents, had reached this climax

of misery through the shame and remorse occasioned by her fall. She saw no way of escape from her degradation, but by the gloomy portals of the grave. One of the wretched beings who now claimed her as a companion, in whose breast pity still survived amid the wreck of all else fair and good, seeing her frenzied state, and suspecting the suicide she meditated, said to her, "Go to Mr. Miller, the missionary of Broadwall, if you don't like the streets; he'll do all he can to get you into a penitentiary."

The hope thus thrown out was seized with alacrity. The unhappy being immediately sought the dwelling where she was to find counsel and assistance in her reformation. With his usual promptitude, the missionary first procured a decent lodging; the necessary inquiries were made, the deserted parents were found, and an interview was appointed for them. Who could describe that meeting between the heart-broken mother and the sinful but repentant child. The journal records, that "the scene which then presented itself

was one of the most affecting I ever witnessed. Hard indeed—a very stone—must be that heart that could have gazed upon it unmoved. We left them alone together for a short time, after which I reëntered the room, and proposed we should all kneel together in prayer, and seek the divine guidance and blessing in reference to the course that should be taken. Immediately all united in prayer. It was a solemn and touching season. In a few days she was sent, through the Southwark Female Mission, to the London Penitentiary, where she conducted herself well." Her subsequent conduct justified all the efforts made for her restoration from a life of infamy and despair, to the sympathy and affection of parents and friends.

In one of his annual reports to the Home Mission organization, he states, that "eighteen fallen girls have been restored, fifteen of whom are doing well: one has gone to eternity, leaving pleasing evidence of repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." Of a certain disreputable locality he says: "Three years since

every house was a brothel, and all the court a den of thieves. Where there were *fifty families*, there are now but *five women* of ill-fame."

The gratitude and devotion with which these rescued outcasts regarded their deliverer, cannot be described. "I hope you will pardon me for speaking to you in the street," said a modest and interesting girl to him one day, "but I was going to your house to thank you for your kindness to me. I am now able to get a respectable and comfortable living, and all through your kindness."

The recognition was soon a mutual one; it proved to be a young woman for whom he had procured the opportunity for reformation by securing her a situation in a "probationary house," nearly three years before.

If the cup of cold water shall in no wise lose its reward, what shall be given to this "good and faithful servant?"

HOSPITALS.

Wherever sin and suffering were found, all the means at his command were compassed by the devoted missionary, to reach, and if possible, to relieve. In addition to the ordinary, or as he performed them, the extraordinary duties of his position, as has been seen, he was continually seeking out opportunities for usefulness amid the wretchedness which met him at every turn. Nothing could deter him from the performance of what he saw would be beneficial to others. Indifference from those he wished to serve did not disturb him, and multiplying difficulties did not discourage him.

Among the noblest charitable institutions of the city of London, are its numerous and well-appointed hospitals. Some of them are magnificent buildings, and many are richly endowed. All of them are provided with a chaplain to attend to the spiritual wants of the patients, but

many of these are selected with but little regard to their adaptation to the office.

Mr. Miller by perseverance obtained permission occasionally to visit some of the wards of these houses of suffering. Great care and prudence were necessary that the jealousy and opposition of the chaplains should not be excited against his efforts. His quick and ready sympathy soon won the hearts of the patients who were able to listen to his instructions. Some of the nurses were pious women; and his judicious management gained their coöperation in his schemes for the spiritual benefit of those under their charge. He supplied them with tracts for circulation among those who were in a sitution to read, or hear reading, and learned from them when good impressions had been produced by these means. The helpless situation to which the inmates of these places were reduced by their sufferings, often softened their hearts to the influences of the gospel. The painful operations, the frequent deaths taking place before them, were forcible admonitions in themselves; and when fol-

lowed by the tender and kindly counsels of the sympathizing missionary, often resulted in permanent change of character.

The following, from Mr. Miller's journal, is a striking instance of the adaptation of the gospel to all circumstances, and at the last hour. "Visiting," he writes, "in Guy's Hospital, I was told of a poor woman who was too ill to admit of any hope of her ever recovering, but of whose spiritual state the sister, a pious woman, hoped well. I hastened to her bedside, and had some conversation with her as to the world to come, and her prospects with regard to it, when she said: 'O! it is of no use now to speak to me of those things; it is too late. I shall die, and be undone forever; there can be no hope for me. No tongue can describe the greatness of the sins I have committed.' I directed her attention to various portions of the word of God, setting forth the freeness of salvation, and the readiness of God to pardon and accept the chief of sinners who come to him through Jesus Christ, and dwelling particularly on Isaiah lv, 6, 7, with which I

closed. During the whole of this time she listened with an avidity which I shall not soon forget; and when at last I paused, she cast her eyes upon me, as if to see whether indeed I believed my own words, and then, with a look which cannot be described, feelingly and solemnly demanded, 'And *will he* save *me?*' 'Yes,' said I, 'if as a poor sinner you come to him in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'I never could pray,' she proceeded to state, 'till I came here; since then, I trust, I have prayed in sincerity; thanks to that little tract which the sister lent me.' She lived but a few hours after, but was full of hope, and died praying, like the holy Stephen, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!'"

A poor man was in the greatest distress on account of his sins. His bodily sufferings could be borne, but he sank beneath the load of guilt with which his soul was burdened. When he stated his hopeless condition to Mr. Miller, he was met with the glorious promises which seem especially recorded for these extreme cases. The missionary stood by his bedside and

said: "It is to sinners the gospel is sent, to the chief of sinners especially; and it is to them that its promises are given. And God has said, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and will abundantly pardon;' and Christ has said, 'The Son of man came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost.' This last word fell into his heart—'Lost!' exclaimed he, and the big tears rolled down his cheek. I knew not whether to regard them as tears of grief or joy; but as I continued to speak of the love of God, and of his willingness to pardon and accept the greatest sinner, a new light seemed to break in upon his soul, and his sorrow gave way to a rapture which cannot be described, and can only be known by those who have felt the same. I was not a little glad to leave him with such a light upon that countenance that had so long been covered with gloom."

A woman, who had for many years been the victim of intemperance, was so severely

scalded in one of her fits of intoxication, that it was found necessary to place her in a hospital. There she was found by Mr. Miller. He had often visited her family, and had been instrumental in the conversion of her husband and daughter. No impression had ever been produced upon the wretched devotee of this soul-destroying habit. She was now, however, in changed circumstances. Ardent spirits were inaccessible to her, and the sobriety thus produced gave her a capability for serious reflection, which she had not enjoyed for many years. Her sufferings subdued her spirit, and the missionary's earnest and sympathizing words sank into her heart. A profound impression was the result, and the deepest interest was manifested in the offered instructions. On her recovery and return to her family, she found that the domestic altar had been established during her absence. She immediately commenced attending public worship with her husband and daughter, and was deeply affected as she saw them kneeling together at the table of our com-

mon Lord. She prayed earnestly for divine assistance, and it was not withheld. After giving satisfactory evidence of a change of heart, she united with the people of God; and her profession was adorned with the graces of the Christian character.

A young woman, about eighteen years of age, was found by Mr. Miller in a state of illness, which seemed to preclude all hope of her recovery. Though a bright and intelligent person in many respects, she seemed incredibly ignorant on the subject of religion. Of Jesus Christ she literally knew nothing but the name, which she had heard uttered as an expression of profanity. She had scarcely an idea of a spiritual nature; and when the Bible was read to her, said she had never heard anything from that book before. As the missionary's visits were continued, she began to be deeply interested in the new subjects thus presented to her mind, and soon gave earnest heed unto the things which belong unto salvation. As soon as her health permitted, she commenced attending church, with which she was much delighted. Be-

fore returning to the situation she had left on account of her illness, she called upon her spiritual instructor, to thank him for the interest he had manifested in her behalf. He says: "I warned her of the temptations to which she would be exposed, supplied her with a select packet of tracts, and commended her to God in prayer. She has since called upon me twice; and I am pleased to find, that though she has much to contend with, both from the family she lives in and her fellow-servants in the house, she continues steadily to attend church, and to hold fast her Christian profession."

Sometimes a pleasing incident occurred, showing that the bread cast upon the waters had not been lost. An entry in his journal, says: "I met with a woman to-day, whom I had visited some two years and a half before in Guy's Hospital. She left the hospital as 'incurable,' and as I had not seen or heard of her afterward, I had concluded she was dead. Her illness had made so great a change in her appearance, that I had no recollection of

her person. But as I entered her house she instantly knew me, and addressed me by my name. I was not a little surprised to find out who she was, and felt anxious to know whether she had profited by the instructions I had given her so long before. I asked her if she still remembered these. 'Yes,' said she, 'and I shall never forget them as long as I live. I cannot now neglect the house of God as I used to, for the Lord has, I trust, made me to feel the blessedness of that new birth of which you spoke to me. The world has nothing in it now that I could love so much as Christ.'"

In these cases, how were the afflictions which God had seen fit to send upon these suffering ones transformed into blessings! —in disguise, it is true, but not the less were they merciful dispensations than those which are joyfully recognized as such. Our heavenly Father does not always show us the result of the events which mark our pathway through life; but it is delightful to reflect that we trust in an omniscient Being; that were we possessed, as he is, of all wisdom—were we enabled to see, as

he sees, through all time—we should choose to have our destinies shaped as he shapes them, and be enabled, in what are considered the bitterest afflictions of life, to exclaim: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

LODGING-HOUSES.

Within a few years the various schemes of Christian benevolence have produced a great amelioration of the miseries of the poorer classes in London. One of the most humane of these efforts, has been the provision of lodging-houses; a direct and simple organization, which has, perhaps, prevented and alleviated as much physical suffering as many others with vastly increased expenditure. The attention of philanthropists was called to the great number of homeless wanderers in the streets of London, who, as the quiet and repose of night came on, knew no shelter for their wearied limbs. Many spent the entire night in the places of public resort, protected from the gathering mists, or, mayhap, from the heavy rains, only by the canopy which the trees afforded. Even amid the severities of winter, groups of these wretched beings, with their scanty covering, were often found huddled to-

gether beneath the projection of some friendly doorway, or strewn upon the cold pavement. Sometimes this silent and helpless suffering touched the heart of the watchman passing his rounds, and temporary relief was provided; but in the glittering light of the frosty mornings, many of them were often found, pale and stiff, beneath a colder touch than that of winter.

Public attention was at last attracted to these sufferings, and lodging-houses were opened, giving, gratuitously, comfortable shelter for the night, and providing a plain breakfast in the morning. In some of the work-houses, additional wards were provided for these emergencies. Mr. Miller entered, with all the activity of his nature, into these benevolent plans; and his zealous industry turned them into new opportunities of usefulness. He says:—

"Finding that their spiritual condition was not thought of in the great arrangement, I resolved to visit them every night, from seven to eight o'clock, which I have done for the last three weeks.

Their numbers are from ten to fifty a night, and are always made up of new-comers—so that the total number of them, with whom I come in contact, is very great. Many of the poor creatures, when they come in, are in the filthiest condition—some in a high state of fever—and sometimes a group of them is sent together to the fever-hospital, without delay."

In the comfortable shelter provided by Christian sympathy, the wearied and friendless wanderer's attention was soon attracted to the friendly aspect of the missionary, as, in gentle tones, he read a few encouraging passages from the word of God, adding, perhaps, a sentence of simple explanation, and then addressing himself personally, if possible, to every individual in the room. It was a brief work, for most of them were too weary to listen long. A short, but earnest and sympathizing prayer, closed the exercises; then, distributing his Scripture cards and tracts, to those who could read, the missionary took his leave. Many a tale of woe was breathed into his ready ear, and

often he was enabled, by his words of advice and encouragement, and his tireless activity, to restore to a new life, those dead in trespasses and sins. "Great attention," he says, "is paid by them, while I read the Scriptures and engage in prayer. I know not that I may ever see any fruit from these endeavors, yet I cannot be unmindful of the Scripture, which says:—'Blessed are ye which sow beside all waters.'"

He obtained permission from the overseers to visit the work-houses, in and about London, occasionally. So gratefully were his instructions received by the inmates of these institutions, that every Friday afternoon was set apart for his meetings, when he read, prayed, conversed, and distributed tracts. Three or four hundred persons were thus, at once, brought under his influence. He also collected libraries of religious books, which were loaned to the better educated. His efforts in this, and in every other worthy cause, were not fitful and spasmodic, but patient and persevering. These weekly meetings were

continued, without interruption, for more than four years.

In one of the work-houses, the clergyman, who had officiated as chaplain—reading prayers before the labors of the day commenced—removed to the country. Mr. Miller had so endeared himself to these unfortunate children of want, that a unanimous request was made by them for his appointment to the vacancy. It was readily granted by the board of overseers, who had seen the good effect of his instructions. He continued in the discharge of these duties till summoned to the rest and blessedness of another and better world.

Many instances might be furnished of his usefulness in this department of labor.

A blind man, listening from time to time to the simple and earnest appeals which fell from the lips of this faithful laborer, began to be conscious of the darkness of sin, in which he had been groping for so many years. In his distress, it seemed that even the abounding grace of God could scarcely wash out the stains of his guilt. He was judiciously directed in

the right path, and light from above dawned on his benighted spirit. His rejoicing cry was—"One thing I know, that whereas I was once blind, now I see."

Mr. Miller gives the following account of a man who was brought from the bondage of sin into the liberty with which Christ maketh free:—

"When I first visited Mr. ——, he was a stranger to all religion. He had often heard me read in the ward, but, until I distributed the tract 'All 's Well,' he was a 'hearer only.' He read this tract many times. The following Sunday he attended my meeting; for, as he afterward told me, 'he could not rest.' At length he opened his mind to me, and desired to be directed as to his uniting himself with the people of God. I watched him closely for eighteen months, and finding him a consistent follower of Christ, I hesitated not in advising him. But after this his career was short. He was taken ill, and removed to the infirmary, where I visited him. His mind became more and more fixed on Christ and his word; so that, while he be-

held in himself nothing but perfect weakness, he was enabled to cast away his doubts and fears. The influence of this man's piety was felt by many in the house; so that when his name is mentioned, it is said—'He was, indeed, a good man; though we knew him first as a very wicked man.' He was respected by all for his kind advice. The last time I saw him he said—'If you never see any other good of your labors in this house, I hope you will be grateful; for God has made you the instrument in my conversion, and I hope you will have many more.' In this peace of mind he died. His last prayer, I am told, was for the outpouring of the Spirit of God on my labors in that house. May that prayer be heard and answered."

A poor woman, who had vainly struggled to support herself, was at last driven to this final resort for helpless humanity. In the midst of her grief and tears, she was told that Mr. Miller visited weekly the house to which she was going. "I am content, then," said she, wiping her eyes. The good missionary had visited her in previous

afflictions. When death had robbed her of the husband of her youth, he had pointed her to Him who has said—"I am the resurrection and the life." Through his instructions she had been led to put her trust in Him who has promised to be the widow's God.

Mr. Miller had early connected himself with the Christian Instruction Society, whose object was to furnish the moral and religious counsels which he was ever so active in disseminating wherever he went. With others connected with this useful organization, he explored the most depraved localities, the resorts of the most abandoned characters. Meetings were even held in courts which a policeman would scarcely dare to penetrate. One of the most noted resorts for the dregs of London humanity is a place called "The Mint." It was originally used for the purpose implied by its name. The elegant buildings which were then inclosed by gates, afforded genteel residences for the wealthy; but it has gradually been degraded to the worst purposes, and the

most abandoned characters. A London writer—Rev. George Orme—gives the following description of it:—

"It would seem as if formed on purpose to attract and accommodate criminals. It is extremely close, is furnished with but little more light than suffices to make darkness visible, and abounds in dark and narrow courts. It affords almost every facility for the protection of thieves, and the concealment of their prey. Its houses, in some instances, run one into another, and have different doors for ingress and egress communicating with as many various streets. They are also furnished with trapdoors and cellars. One of them is distinguished as having long been the dwelling of the infamous 'Jack Shepard.' Such is the character of the people and the place that, before the establishment of the new police force, no one would dare to pursue a thief within the gates. Once there, he felt himself, and was felt by all, as safe as if intrenched in the most impregnable citadel.

"Here many of the deformed, limping,

half-naked impostors, who perambulate the streets of London during the day, and by a thousand deceitful arts extort from and rob the public, may be seen at night practically asserting their independency of their crutches, rejoicing in their freedom from the thraldom of their bandages, attired in their proper costume and exhibiting their true characters, regaling themselves extravagantly with costly meats and drinks, dancing to the voluptuous sound of music, or gambling and card-playing—their favorite occupation—uttering oft the most profane and filthy language, and engaging in the most savage and sanguinary combats, the walls resounding not unseldom to the shriek of terror and the cry of murder. Justly are they designated 'the worst sinks of iniquity in the metropolis.' No person can once enter them as an abode with impunity. He that ever crosses their threshold, to abide in them though but for a night, returns no more the same as he entered. Decency forbids even the mention of the gross and terrible abominations which, in some of them, are

continually exhibited. Here youths of both sexes, some driven by the storms of adversity, and others fleeing from their deserted masters and mistresses, or hiding from their forsaken and broken-hearted parents, seduced and runaway children, servants and apprentices, are first placed in the midst of objects and influences that deaden every moral sensibility, then drawn into the worst companionships, then schooled systematically into professional vagrancy and vice, and become at length abandoned street-walkers, inmates of prisons, or tenantry of the penal settlements."

Out of nine hundred families who occupied these miserable resorts, but twenty made any pretensions to attendance upon public worship. But into these "dark places of the earth, these habitations of cruelty," the Christian philanthropist carried the lamp of life. Here, during some part of the holy Sabbath, the promises of God's word were read and explained. From amid these scenes of vice arose the swelling song of praise; the

voice of prayer ascended for the outcast; kind and judicious advice was given and tracts distributed. Attracted by these novel sounds, forty persons sometimes gathered about the devoted little band who had thus taken their position in the very heart of the enemy's camp. When the weather was inclement the meetings were held within the walls, when the strange assemblage presented an indescribable spectacle. The writer before quoted gives the following picture:—

"Imagine the speaker in the center of a large mess-room; before him is a huge and blazing fire; around, on every hand, are benches and tables occupied by persons of the above description. Some are seated, some standing, some lounging or sleeping, some cooking, some eating, some smoking, some talking, criticising the speaker or what he says, and most unceremoniously dashing in and out of the room. But this is a favorable view: sometimes the scene was one of the wildest uproar."

This was the only method of reaching these "dangerous classes." These were

the only words of sympathy and instruction which fell upon their ears. Who shall say that these words of life found no echo in these benighted souls? Who shall say they were not recalled in the hush of night, though smothered amid the revilings and blasphemies of the day? Perhaps in the dread hour of mortal agony some blessed promise may come back to the shrinking soul, clothed in which, it may appear before Him who seeth not as man seeth, who judgeth not as man judgeth. Verily it was for such as these Christ died, that where sin abounded grace should much more abound. Washed in his all-purifying blood, though their sins are of scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow.

POLICEMEN—SEAMEN—IRISH PAPISTS.

Mr. Miller's desire for usefulness, as has been seen, was confined to no limited sphere. His large heart embraced all the benevolent schemes which could in any way lift up or ameliorate the condition of fallen humanity. His official duties were confined to the moral and religious improvement of his district, but how far his exertions transcended his specific instructions can only be known when the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall receive its reward. Rarely did a case of destitution come to his knowledge without an attempt from him to relieve it. Not only were these efforts prompted by the kindness of his nature; he knew they were the surest method to win confidence and gain influence with those whom he wished to serve.

Some poor families were reduced to extremity through a fire, which destroyed their habitations; their household goods

were either stolen or destroyed. The missionary procured a subscription-paper, headed by a handsome sum from Lord Ashley, and, by personal appeals to wealthy individuals, procured a sufficient sum from their abundance, to gladden the desolate hearts, by the restoration of their lost comforts.

An old man was found, with his wife, in great destitution. With much exertion, Mr. Miller furnished him with the means of employment and self-support. Eventually the aged couple were led to a saving faith in the truth of the gospel, through his personal appeals. In the last sickness of the aged husband, he said to Mr. Miller: "My dear friend, I know I shall not get better of this; you have been a kind friend to me for between five and six years; do not leave me for a single day, for I shall not be long here, and I don't want to have anything in my ears but the word of God. O what a mercy it is, that I should have been permitted to hear of the way of salvation for poor sinners!"

The kind missionary adds: "I had pre-

viously visited him daily, but after this I did so twice each day; and when his sight was gone, he would say, as he heard my footsteps in the room, 'Is that Mr. Miller?' He was favored with great peace through believing. His favorite portion of Scripture was the eighth chapter of Romans. He died rejoicing in the Lord as his rock and his strength, and was interred at the expense of his excellent friends. Before the funeral left the house, I visited the family, addressed them on a portion of Scripture suitable to the occasion, and engaged with them in prayer. This exercise was very solemn, and productive of good to a son-in-law, whom I have since been called to visit."

At an early period of his appointment to the City Mission work, Mr. Miller, with one or two of his fellow-laborers, had made special exertions for the spiritual improvement of the policemen of London. It will be seen at a glance what an important agency might be wielded by this numerous class, if properly impressed with the right idea of the responsibilities of their posi-

tion. Coming in contact, as they do, with all the various grades of criminals, it is in their power to exert an influence upon these classes which others may hope for in vain. Their constant familiarity with only the dark side of humanity, naturally has a tendency to harden the heart, and destroy that horror of vice which its first aspect inspires.

> "Till seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure—then pity—then embrace."

One of the first and most direct methods attempted for their improvement was the publication of a letter in tract form, addressed to them, a copy of which was furnished every member of the force. A policeman, in a communication to Mr. Miller, makes the following remarks in regard to its influence:—"I am happy to bear testimony to the fact, that your little tract, so far as my observation extended, was received with a respect and attention which at once surprised and gratified me; and I do think, for the most part, it had at least an attentive perusal. And I find

also that many have carefully preserved them; and who can tell but another, or another, or another perusal may be accompanied by the divine blessing? and who, also, can tell but that these little books may, in some instances, be beforehand, and prove an antidote to the baneful effects of others now abroad, calculated to lead or confirm them in errors destructive to their immortal spirits? And, O! what an acquisition to the force, and what valuable servants to the public, would some of these men be, had they the fear of God before their eyes! I have reason to hope, that the reading of your society's letter did, at least for the time, in many produce consideration; and as consideration, you know, precedes conviction, as conviction does conversion, you will not in this matter despise small things, but hope that the seed thus sown shall be as bread cast upon the waters, found after many days. One man belonging to us, of no mean capacity, in whom I had never witnessed any concern about his soul, spoke to me on the subject of your letter, and

spoke kindly too of the individuals by whom they had been presented. Finding he had read it with attention and apparent satisfaction, I recommended to his notice another book, Mr. James's 'Anxious Inquirer,' and from conversations I have since had with him, as well as his subsequent attendance on the means of grace, I may at least say of him, 'He is not far from the kingdom of God.' May God carry on and perfect in him his good work!"

Mr. Miller had always felt the liveliest interest in behalf of seamen. His own generous nature assimilated readily with the universally acknowledged large-heartedness of the sailor; and his early experience in vice had given him the most accurate knowledge of the temptations to which they are exposed. Contrary to their father's hopes, his two eldest sons had chosen a sea-faring life. It was a great disappointment to him; but instead of wasting time or energies in vain regrets, he endeavored to surround them with all good influences in their new situation. He

made the changing positions they had selected the medium of new exertions for the improvement of this interesting class. He visited the ships in which they were to sail, making the acquaintance of the officers and crew, distributing tracts among them, and sending off great numbers to be given to those they were to meet on a foreign shore. He learned from his sons that the tracts which are carelessly treated while in port, are eagerly read in the distant lands to which they go, especially in those where they are unacquainted with the language.

An enlarged and most interesting field of hope and labor was opened to him at one time, through these faithful endeavors to "sow beside all waters." Visiting at one time the ship in which his second son, Robert, was to sail, he was invited by the first officer to tea with him. Three other sea-captains were of the company. After the meal was finished, cards were brought forward. Mr. Miller resolved to remain, notwithstanding, hoping for some opportunity for "a word in season."

He soon succeeded in interesting them in conversation, which naturally turned upon the amusement in which they were engaged. One, who had listened in silence to the remarks upon the evils of the practice, made the following frank and manly avowal:—"Mr. Miller," said he, "you are a stranger to me, but you might have known my history. I have been twenty-two years captain, and had, after bringing up my mother's family and supporting one of my own, saved £300. But I began about two years ago to keep company and play at cards, and now, if I were to die this night, I have not a shilling to leave my wife and children, and it has all gone in this way; and the other day, when I read a tract given to my mate by your boy, I thought I should have gone out of my mind."

This confession, made with irrepressible emotions, could not but produce a striking effect upon his associates. Mr. Miller says:—

"They all accompanied me ashore, and, on taking leave of me, promised me they

would abandon card-playing, read their Bibles, and attend a place of worship, when they could. I promised regularly to supply them with suitable tracts for their ships, and, subsequently, obtained a grant of ten shillings' worth, from the Religious Tract Society, for immediate use amongst them."

He continued to visit the vessel—laboring faithfully for the spiritual good of the crew—while it was fitting for its destination. When the noble ship left the Thames, she carried out a library of well-selected volumes, which the tireless missionary had obtained, as a loan, from one of the religious organizations of London. He had also procured a large number of tracts, for gratuitous distribution among the seamen. His acquaintance in this vessel, and the good influence exerted upon those employed in it, gained him access, through the cordial recommendation of its captain, to seven others in the same trade; in each of which he established libraries, in the same manner; and, by his exhortations and prayers, endeavored to

exert an influence on the generous heart of the sailor. These judiciously-chosen books were an important auxiliary in his hands, and were productive of great good, with but a small expense. A number of volumes were procured, from some benevolent society, or by the contributions of individuals, and loaned, perhaps, to a work-house. When pretty thoroughly read by the inmates, another set was procured, to take their place, while the first was transferred to some new position of usefulness—a hospital, a ragged school, or an outward-bound vessel. The faithful missionary thus sent forth his messengers to those who were taken from his watchful supervision. His own exhortations were enforced by these noiseless agencies, and often his earnest appeals were recalled by some passage in the books, procured by his kindness.

There were no intervals of repose to this devoted laborer—no seasons of rest. Wherever he went, his work went with him. His health sometimes demanded change of air, and his excellent qualities

made him welcome wherever his unpretending goodness was known and prized. He spent several summers upon the estate of a Christian gentleman, who was interested in every good word and work. His energetic nature here found an ample field for its activity. At one of his earliest visits to this place, he had opened a weekly prayer-meeting, in the house of one of the farmers, which was continued, uninterruptedly, for many years.

Many of the laborers employed upon the extensive grounds, were Irish Papists. The old routine of efforts and duties was commenced, and strictly observed. Tracts were distributed, personal appeals were made, through the familiar intercourse which he enjoyed with all, and meetings were held, at which the greatest interest was manifested. Sometimes two hundred persons were in attendance. Many instances might be mentioned of the good produced by his labors.

Every opportunity was watched, and seized for an occasion of impressing divine truths upon this simple-hearted people.

One morning, when the weather was so unpleasant as to prevent many of the laborers from engaging in their usual work, Mr. Miller went to a barn, where he knew several of them were assembled at some light employment, which he proposed to beguile with religious reading and conversation. As he entered the door, he said, with his usual cheerful heartiness—"Well, my lads, I hope you are all in good health this morning." "Ah, Mr. Miller," shouted out one, at the top of his voice, from the more distant part of the barn, "I have been thinking of you a long while, and if you will stop till I come down, I will shake hands with you. God bless you! It is this three or four years since I have seen you." "By this time," says our authority, "a stout Irishman reached the place where Mr. Miller stood, and if a tight grip and earnest shake of the hand are any proof of affection, there was no want of it in Barney Renegan. 'Now,' said he, 'my lads, listen to him; he will tell you what is good, and may God bless him, that he may never want bread.'"

The good missionary adds—"They were most attentive while I spoke, and read, and prayed with them, and afterward united to pour forth, with overwhelming profusion, their best and warmest wishes for me. But Barney Renegan left the rest, and walked with me more than a mile, telling me how he had been led to cast off Popery, what persecutions he had consequently endured in Ireland, and how the New Testament I had given him, three years before, had been his constant companion and comforter. 'I had,' said he, affectingly, 'no other friend in the world.'"

With such prudent and persevering efforts as were put forth by Mr. Miller, the trophies from Romanism would not be so rare as to be a cause of wonder. The impossibility of such conversions seems to be taken for granted, even among those who profess to believe that "faith is the victory which overcometh *the world*."

PERSONAL EFFORT.

No one can go through life in a state of isolation. The power of producing good or evil emotions in the minds of others, is the fearful gift of every human being, unlimited, even, by the boundaries of moral accountability. Who has not felt his heart moved by the thoughtless prattle of a little child? Who could listen to the lisped prayer of infancy, and not feel its hallowing effect upon his spirit? Many a parent has lived in utter forgetfulness of his Creator, till a cherub-hand has troubled the stagnant pool, and the depths of that

> ———"fountain have been stirr'd,
> Whose waters never more shall rest."

A single sentiment, perhaps thoughtlessly uttered, has transformed the entire character of a man. A well-expressed thought lives on in the memory—giving impulse to an entire life—long after the lips which uttered it are silent in death.

If such is often the result of what seem to us accidental occurrences, what may be the effect of well-directed and energetic exertions to influence the minds of others? The extent of usefulness which may thus be accomplished, even by the humblest individual, cannot be estimated. This mysterious power, which one mind exerts upon another, was remarkably illustrated in the success which attended Mr. Miller, in his personal efforts for the improvement of those with whom he labored. Frequently, so visible and immediate was it, that there seemed a moral magnetism about it—easily explainable, however, by the intelligent operation of his earnest zeal, and his all-prevailing prayer and faith.

This transforming power was shown by many persons, for whom there seemed no foundation on which human hope could rest. Months and years sometimes passed without the manifestation of any good result; but he despaired not, for he trusted in Him whose promise is sure. Perhaps the hand of disease prostrated the stalwart form, and the kindly-

meant warning then came back upon the heart, with a meaning and an emphasis unknown before. Perhaps the death-angel entered the household, and, in the agony of their grief, the sorrowing parents listened to the voice of Christian sympathy, when no other would have awakened an answering tone. Listening, they were led to look to Him "who knoweth our frame, who remembereth that we are dust."

At one time the devoted missionary sought out an aged couple, whose hearts had been hardened by many years of open rebellion against God. Mr. Miller's first visits were scarcely allowed, but his prudence and perseverance had their reward; he was soon permitted to read and pray with them. After patient and continued efforts for more than a year, they were led to see their lost condition without God and without hope in the world. Writing of one of his interviews with them he says: "Both wept like children, and said with great feeling, 'O, sir, if you had not come to us as you did, we

should still have been living in our sins. And we have often wondered that you should have troubled yourself to come a second time to see us, as we used you so bad when you first called on us. We never go to bed now or get up without praying for you, as we know that others serve you as we did, when you came to us at first.' 'But, O! what mercy,' exclaimed the old man, 'has the Lord bestowed on us—to think that he should send his Son to die for a poor old sinner such as I am.'" Both of them connected themselves with the people of God, and enjoyed in their last days the "peace which passeth understanding."

Another poor man on his death-bed said to the missionary, as he stood by him: "But for you I should have perished in my sins—I should have died a miserable being. Many had come to me before with tracts, but I used to think they did not believe them themselves, or they would have been more determined. You evinced a determined mind. Neither my frowns nor my forbidding remarks used to daunt you,

and God crowned your efforts with his blessing, not only to me, but to my wife. May you long be spared to be a blessing to this neighborhood!"

An aged man whose life had been spent on the seas, and whose rude rejection of all the interest manifested toward him would have discouraged a less resolute spirit, after eighteen months of persevering effort, was so far softened as to receive some of the tracts which during all this time had been regularly offered him. Forgetting the personal insults received, it was easy for the missionary to follow, after one of these silent messengers had found entrance. Judicious religious conversation and heart-felt prayer deepened the impression which had been produced. The visits which had been rejected with oaths and threatenings, became earnestly desired; in about a year this aged sinner might have been seen in the sanctuary, "sitting clothed, and in his right mind."

The missionary often met with those who had known the joys of pardoned sin, but had wandered far from the straight and nar-

row way. For these he manifested the most anxious solicitude. At the close of one of the numerous social meetings which were held in the different neighborhoods of his district, an old man nearly seventy years of age, who had strayed in with some of his poor neighbors, requested a few minutes' private conversation. He had been an active and zealous member of a Christian Church; but the cares of the world entering in, had choked the good seed in his heart. One after another of his private duties had been neglected; he had become at first unfruitful, and afterward openly apostate. The missionary's fervent appeals had roused his slumbering spirit, and he felt anxious to return to "the Shepherd and Bishop of souls." His case was watched with careful attention, and the aged pilgrim's last years were cheered by the ministrations of the people of God, and the prospect of a better world.

Nor was this powerful influence upon the minds of others confined entirely to the poorer classes, with whom he was more particularly associated. People of refine-

ment and education were often moved by the sincere earnestness of this faithful man of God, to inquire into the motives which impelled him to such zeal—to such sacrifices,—and were thus led to the source of all goodness.

Mr. Miller had formed an acquaintance with a young man who was employed as a clerk in the counting-house of a gentleman interested in the Home-Missionary organization. He felt the tenderest anxiety for this youth, who was absorbed in the pleasures and gayeties of the world; the subject of religion never seemed to gain a moment's reflection from him. The throne of grace was constantly visited for divine guidance on his behalf; frequent and faithful conversations were held with him; but two years passed away, and no impression seemed apparent upon his mind. His frivolous pursuits remained unchanged—his forgetfulness of the serious purpose of life unshaken.

One Sabbath morning he entered the open door of a chapel, to which he was impelled by a momentary feeling of curi-

osity. A stranger occupied the pulpit and announced the text: "Young men exhort to be sober-minded." The sermon arrested his attention, and recalled all the unheeded warnings and exhortations of the humble missionary, and to him alone the young man felt that his heart must be opened. The Spirit of God was striving with him. The interview which followed was an affecting one. The journal says:—

"We read, and conversed, and prayed together for several hours, during which he wept much, and seemed unwilling to leave me. And when he heard that for more than two years he had been the subject of my prayers, he was greatly surprised and affected. 'No wonder, then,' said he, 'that I have been so unhappy in the theater. How I could be esteemed worthy of your prayers, I cannot tell; but I must look to you to be my friend, and whatever you may advise me, I shall be most willing to do.' He shortly after became a member of the Church at Surrey Chapel, a diligent and efficient Sabbath-school teacher, and an active Christian."

A previous chapter referred to Mr. Miller's usefulness on the country estate of Captain Trotter, where he frequently resorted for the benefit of his health. His good influence was not confined to the laborers there, but the members of the proprietor's family were also objects of his special concern. An extract from a letter of the French governess residing at Dyrham Park, will give some idea of the estimation in which he was held by those who were in a different position from his own:

"Your departure left every one who knows you in sorrow; but it was the will of our heavenly Father, and complaining would not only be useless, but ungrateful toward him who provided so well for us during Mr. T.'s absence. We have every reason to believe that your residence among us has proved a blessing to some, as far as we poor mortals can judge; we think so, for since you came, there has been a change in some of the maid-servants. May the Lord grant his blessing on their efforts. I was very sorry not to have seen you before your departure. I had many things to ask you,

but particularly to thank you for all the trouble you had taken in teaching us; God, in his everlasting mercy, will reward you for all you did, and all you do now for poor, sinful, perishing souls. Dear Mr. Miller, how often I wish I could have the opportunity of conversing again with you, of expressing freely what I feel, and what I want. My earnest desire is to live entirely after God's commandments, and to devote the remainder of my days to my Saviour; but there are temptations within and without, and I feel I do not go on as I ought to do. I will be candid with you, dear friend, and tell you that I very often think that my faith is not the *true* faith; this thought makes me feel sometimes very miserable. Tell me, Is this a temptation of Satan? At other times I would not exchange the peace, the joy I found in my Redeemer for all the world could afford. O, then, only then, do I feel happy; then is Jesus my Saviour precious to my soul—I love him above all, but *not enough.* I grieve, mourn over the coldness and ingratitude of my heart, particularly when I meditate

on his wonderful love for us, and on his great sacrifice! Dear Mr. Miller, pray for me, pray for a new and contrite heart, a heart full of love for Him 'who loved us.' You know what St. James says, ch. v, 16; your prayers must be answered. The texts of Scripture you sent me are very comforting. They led me to examine myself, to see if indeed I was one of our Saviour's sheep, if indeed those beautiful promises are also for me. I am humbled in the dust to think how little I have ever done till now, to show my love and gratitude to him who died for such a sinner as I am. If you knew, Mr. Miller, how God dealt with me, and what have been his mercies toward me—I can say, that in the furnace of adversity, his hand was leading me; whispering to my fainting heart, 'It is I, be not afraid.' O, his promise is ever sure. John xiv, 18. I am rather afraid to tire you with such a long letter; but remember that you asked me to speak freely, and so I do. How are you now? Is your health better than when you wrote to me? May the Lord soon open the way for your re-

moval from town! I assure you many are the wishes to have you near us; but we must wait the Lord's own time—he knows better. How glad I should have been to have met you in London, where I spent a few days. Do not be surprised if I stop you one day or another in the street: it is such a pleasant thing to meet a Christian friend, particularly in the Babylon you inhabit. Mrs. C—— sends her very best regards to you; we meet sometimes, for a little reading and prayer; and when we kneel down at the throne of grace, you are not forgotten.

"With many thanks for your very kind note and advice, believe me, my dear Mr. Miller, yours truly in Christ."

At another time he received a letter from an aged woman who had long been the object of his prayers and exertions on account of her violent opposition to the piety of the son with whom she resided. During three years, Mr. Miller addressed the plainest expostulations to her, endeavoring at least to make her more tolerant toward the morning and evening

devotions of the family. This delightful hour, far from awakening devotional feelings, seemed to rouse all the enmity of the unregenerate heart. So decided and bitter was this opposition that she removed to a neighboring village in order to escape the religious example and exercises of her son's house. In her new home, however, the reproaches of conscience pursued her. The voice of prayer and songs of praise no longer annoyed her, but terrors took hold upon her as she recalled the long years which she had spent in sin. She sought the house of God, but it was only to hear the same faithful warnings repeated which memory had been sounding in her ears from the lips of the faithful Home Missionary. In this distress of mind she wrote to him, requesting his counsel, and expressing her sincere and bitter repentance for her past life. It is needless to say that she received all the encouragement she required. He not only gave her all necessary directions, but he also wrote to the minister whose Church she had been attending, directing his attention to her.

But a few months elapsed before she was able to unite in the family devotions which had formerly been so repulsive; with gratitude that she had been called, though at the eleventh hour, from nature's darkness into God's great and marvellous light.

Four years of fruitless exertion in behalf of another violent opposer of religion did not discourage him. During all this time he had not even been allowed to read the word of God in the unhappy woman's hearing. He had been forbidden to enter the house, with oaths and execrations. But at last the hand of affliction was laid heavily upon her. Her health failed, and the obdurate heart which would none of these things, now humbled and repentant, drank eagerly in the precious promises to which she had turned a deaf ear. Mr. Miller says: "My visits became so prized that they never could be sufficiently frequent and lengthy; it was my joy to see in her what appeared to be a sound and decided change of heart. She died professing, as a poor penitent sinner, to rest only in Christ for salvation."

A beautiful little girl, the delight of her parents, met a terrible death in flames while accidentally left alone a few moments. Mr. Miller visited the desolated house, sympathizing deeply in the sudden and distressing bereavement. He says: "I endeavored to lead the minds of the broken-hearted parents to look at the event under some less gloomy views, and then went on to speak of the influence it should have upon themselves. I spoke to them of their state and condition before God, and of their duty to attend to this as a solemn admonition that they too must shortly leave this world, and ought to seek the necessary preparation for a better. I read with them portions of Scripture suited to the occasion, and knelt in prayer. They appeared composed and thoughtful. They were led to look upon the awful death of their child as a solemn warning to themselves; both commenced attendance at the house of God, which they had hitherto neglected, and their other children were sent to Sunday school."

The father became an earnest Chris-

tian, and afterward thanked God for the affliction which had led him to seek his soul's salvation. A word fitly spoken in the day of trouble finds a resting place in many a heart which would turn coldly away from it in a more prosperous hour. Truly, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

AFFLICTIONS AND DEATH.

During the last two years of Mr. Miller's life, he was severely afflicted both personally and in his family. The health of his wife, who was an active coadjutor with him in all his plans of usefulness, became so impaired that it was necessary for her to reside in the country. Upon her return with somewhat improved symptoms, she was seized with typhus fever, brought home by her husband's faithful visits to several wretched victims of the disease; for many days there was scarcely a hope of her recovery.

Some years before this, his eldest son had gone to Australia, where for some months he was employed in an excellent situation; it was known that he left this place, but nothing was ever heard from him afterward, and his friends had reason to fear that he met a sudden or perhaps a violent death.

The second son, Robert, was apprenticed

by his own desire to a sea-captain, who commanded a large ship called the Beaufront. His father makes the following record respecting what is supposed to have been the fate of the unfortunate vessel: "When the Beaufront was last in port, I was on board twice and dined with the captain. He spoke of my boy in very pleasing terms, not only for his attention to his duty in the vessel, but also his conduct generally; that it was marked by all on board, who sometimes, on account of this, ridiculed him as a Methodist. This inspired my heart with the hope that the many prayers I had offered on his behalf were being answered. I bid my dear boy farewell, but little thought it was for the last time. It was then October, and our hope was that he would return again to spend his Christmas-day with us. In due time they sailed from Newcastle for London, in company with another vessel of the same firm. But a storm came on, and the two ships parted. The Beaufront being a larger vessel, went out to sea, where she must have sunk with every soul on board, and among them

my dear boy. Alas! alas! this is a severe trial for me—a dark and mysterious dispensation. But, O Lord, thou hast said, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;' and I would say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

On Saturday, the 5th of June, 1847, Mr. Miller received from Manchester—where she had latterly resided—the sad news of his mother's death. For many years she had been the subject of his earnest prayers, and the frequent and faithful correspondence which had been constantly maintained, had not been without their effect upon her character. When the mournful intelligence reached him, he made immediate preparations for leaving London, in order to have the final arrangements completed with as little hurry and confusion as possible. As was his custom, when about to leave home, he collected his household about him, for the purpose of commending them to the protection of the Father above during his absence. He read to them the beautiful description of

Lazarus's restoration from the grave. Softened by this loss of his earliest friend, his heart poured itself out in a prayer which will never be forgotten by those who heard it—so thrillingly solemn and affecting was its language. Unforgetful, even in joy or grief, of the interests which so absorbed his soul, he went from these consecrated exercises to meet, according to a previous appointment, his friend Lord Ashley, who was to preside at a public meeting of the ragged schools, the following week. The completion of these arrangements was his last earthly work in the cause so dear to his heart.

In a car of the evening mail-train for Manchester, he found some friends. They were soon engaged in Christian conversation, particularly in relation to the plans of usefulness which were opening about them. As the shades of night came on, they sung the evening hymn:—

> "Glory to thee, my God, this night,
> For all the blessings of the light;
> Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
> Beneath thy own almighty wings!

"Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

"Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day."

The strains of the mingled voices were stopped by a violent collision of the cars, as they were approaching an intermediate station; and Mr. Miller, with six others, were, without a moment's warning, instantly killed. Upon his person were found memoranda for future schemes of improvement, among those for whom he labored—and also sketches of the exercises which were to take place at the approaching Ragged School anniversary.

The report of the terrible event startled and seemed to almost stagnate the community, among whom he was known and loved. All classes bewailed his death, as that of a public benefactor. The people among whom he had lived and labored

were sincere mourners for the irreparable loss they had sustained. On the 10th of June, the last services were rendered the deceased. The funeral procession was followed by an immense multitude of the poor whom he had so often assisted—their tears and sobs giving the strongest evidence of their attachment to the faithful friend thus taken from them. The Rev. John Branch, a clergyman who resided in the neighborhood, writes the following, in relation to the impression produced by the life and labors of this devoted missionary among them:—

"I am constantly hearing the lamentations of the poor at this occurrence. Nor is this feeling confined to pious individuals, or to those alone who have been benefited by his visits. Even the wicked and profligate seem to feel that they have lost a friend. On the day of his funeral, many of the shops were partially closed in Broadwall. Small domicils, where the poor people sell fire-wood, hearth-stone, cats' meat, &c., had one or more shutters up, and most of the private houses had the

shutters closed, as a testimony of respect for their departed friend. Groups of very poor people were on that day seen at the corners of the streets, lamenting their loss —some with tears. One poor Irish woman said, in my hearing, 'God help me, what shall I do now Mr. Miller is gone? and sure he wished us well.' On a subsequent occasion, this poor woman remarked to me, 'I wish I had followed his advice; I have tried very hard sometimes. Drink is my ruin. Mr. Miller was always at me about drink. I thought, at one time, he would have made a good job of me. I used to leave off for three weeks at a time; but I went back again. And now, O Lord! what shall I do? Mr. Miller is dead!' Here she wept bitterly. On my pressing upon her attention the fact that her sin was ruinous, if persisted in, and that God would help her, if she sought his help, she replied: 'Ruinous! did you say? You *may* say that. Everything is in pawn again, and the children are nearly starved. I kept sober until Mr. Miller was put under the turf, after I heard he was dead. I

could not do less, out of respect for him. But now *he* is gone, it is *all* gone.' On the day of the funeral, upon inquiring for the house, a man said to me, 'Do you want Mr. Miller's house, sir? It is further on.' 'Did you know Mr. Miller?' I inquired. 'Know him, sir? I should think I ought,' was the reply. 'He was the man who, under God, convinced me of my sin, and took me to a place of worship.' I met another person, shortly afterward, who told me that he was a teacher in the ragged school, and had been brought to a saving acquaintance with the truth through Mr. Miller's visits."

Unfortunately for the large numbers of the poor, who wished to follow the beloved remains to their final resting-place, "the course of the procession from Broadwall was over Waterloo bridge, at which a toll of one half-penny is demanded of every passenger who passes over on foot; and such was the poverty of this humble, but warm-hearted funeral *cortege*, that numbers were obliged to return, when they had accompanied the remains of their religious

instructor so far, not having sufficient to pay the toll. I looked at them, at this spot, from the coach window—saw their tears, and heard their lamentations. The Rev. John Robinson, one of the general secretaries of the London City Mission, delivered a solemn and impressive address at the grave, to which a large number of his friends and fellow-laborers listened.

"It would occupy too large a space," continues Mr. Branch, "to attempt to relate all I have heard, at different times, respecting Mr. Miller's influence in the district; but I cannot help noticing the shock that was felt at the work-houses, which he regularly visited. One poor man told me, that of all the troubles he had passed through, and all the losses he had sustained—and they were very many—he had never suffered such a loss before. 'Ah!' said a poor woman in the sick ward, with whom I was reasoning concerning the extent and consequent impropriety of her grief, as a follower of Christ, 'you do n't know, sir, how great our loss is. If God's people lose their pastor—and that is

a great loss—they can go to another; but I can scarcely leave my bed, and Mr. Miller *came* to us. How some of us have reckoned the time until he arrived! O, pray that I may be enabled to reckon this among the "all things that work together for good."'

"On entering a court in Broadwall, to visit a poor man, one day, a short time since, there was a sad disturbance. Some of the people were quarreling and fighting, and a group of persons were standing at the entrance of the court, to whom I observed, 'This is sad work.' 'Yes, sir,' replied one of the men, 'we want poor Mr. Miller here again; he used to quiet us.' The poor, in general, in this part, seem to feel that they have lost a friend, who constantly had their best interests at heart, and one who was ever ready to serve them."

Nor was his loss felt by the poor alone. His noble friend, Lord Ashley, mourned his death, in the prime of his usefulness, as the minstrel king bewailed the early fate of his soul's brother. They had been

associated together in many of the schemes of improvement which had been undertaken under the labors of the city missionary. The nobleman had seen and admired his earnest zeal, his steady faithfulness, his unconquerable perseverance, and his indomitable courage. In one of the public papers, he says of him—"A more diligent, kind, and useful person, could not be found in the whole circle of those engaged in the service of the poorer classes."

With some other influential persons, he made an appeal to the director of the railroad on which the terrible accident occurred, for suitable provision for the family of the deceased missionary. They responded with a generous sum to this petition. Assistance was also proffered in various ways from private individuals, and from the charitable institutions of the city.

The committee of the London Mission declare: "We have lost one of our very best agents. He has been for seven years in the employ of the society; never was there a more truly missionary spirit possessed by any individual; he was constantly

devising schemes of usefulness, and seemed to live for other people rather than for himself."

The numerous religious and benevolent societies, and the various schools with which he had been connected, sent resolutions to the bereaved widow, expressive of their sorrow and sympathy.

The devoted laborer ceased "at once to work and live;" but "his works do follow him," and through them, "though dead, he yet speaketh." The influence of his usefulness will be felt and commemorated by many of the redeemed, the ransomed of the Lord, in heaven.

The character presented in the foregoing pages points its own moral. Its best analysis will be found in the illustrations of his influence, scattered through these pages. He possessed neither wealth, position, education, nor great talents; yet accomplished much, which should make him envied by many superior to him in all these respects.

Born in the extremity of poverty and neglect, cradled in an English alms-house,

sent forth into the world at an age when the children of better circumstances are treated as helpless infants, rescued as he was from vice and degradation when somewhat advanced in manhood, the manner in which he triumphed over all obstacles, the improvement which he made of his late years, redeeming the time lost, as far as it was in his power, present a lesson for our reflection which all may study with advantage. The calling of those who thus live to bless and improve mankind is a high and holy one. Their course is marked like the hidden streamlet's flow, by the verdure which it produces.

AMERICAN HOME MISSIONS.

WITHIN a few years the American Churches have been partially awakened to new duties, forced upon them by new circumstances which have, indeed, compelled to decisive action, or to slow, but certain destruction. The unparalleled immigration which this country has witnessed for the last twenty years has brought with it a flood of ignorance, poverty, and vice, which can only be met by the most energetic exertions on the part of our benevolent and Christian communities. Within the last ten years, nearly two millions of emigrants have reached this country from Ireland alone. Large numbers are also pouring in from Germany and other European countries. The general statistics are familiar to the reading public; the fuller and more exact calculations, with the inevitable consequences deducible from them, are startling, if not appalling.

We can no longer close our eyes to the

fact, that our cities are fast becoming like those which these exiles are leaving behind them. In the official report of the Boston city marshal for 1851, it is stated that "we have not less than an average of *one thousand thieves* at large all the time, and not less than *one hundred* receivers and purchasers of stolen goods."

Five thousand four hundred and forty-nine arrests were made during the same year, in all the various degrees of crime, from street-begging, gambling, &c., up to murder itself.

Respecting certain localities in the "City of the Pilgrims," the grand jury report, as quoted in the document referred to, says that "in some parts of the city, particularly in Ann-street, there exists an amount of iniquity so great that the jury feel bound to call the attention of the court and community to it, as they feel sure the good citizens are wholly unaware of the facts. In Ann-street alone, we are informed, there are seventy-two dance-cellars, and brothels and liquor-shops almost innumerable, in which the most depraved of both sexes and

all colors are constantly congregated, and robberies and assaults are so common that it is not always safe to pass there even in the day-time. Into these dancing-houses, or cellars, the young are frequently seduced. It is, doubtless, the case that much of the crime perpetrated in our midst is concocted in the dark recesses of the underground *rum and dance-palaces* of Ann, Broad, Sea, and other like streets within the city, and it is also possible that but a small portion of the crime committed ever reaches the officer's ear, or is brought before the tribunals of justice."

It is added, in relation to this locality, that "from this street alone (Ann-street) there have been made during the past year, 1851, *two hundred and five* complaints for violation of the license law, Sunday law, noisy and disorderly houses, houses of ill-fame, and tippling-shops; *one* officer of this department, stationed on this street, has, during the year 1851, made eighty-seven arrests for larcenies, robberies, and burglaries; forty-seven for assault and battery; seven for receiving stolen goods; and

one hundred and eighty-three as drunkards and common drunkards; one hundred and seven as lewd and lascivious persons; thirty-nine as vagabonds and common pipers and fiddlers; and has rendered assistance to the officers of the courts in more than *one hundred cases.* And he is of the opinion that there are *now* as many dance-cellars, rum-shops, houses of ill-fame, and lewd and lascivious persons as there were at the commencement of the year."

The mayor of the city, in his inaugural address for 1850, says: "At the rate with which violence and crime have recently increased, our jails, like our alms-houses, however capacious, will scarcely be adequate to the imperative requirements of society."

We have taken the New-England metropolis as an illustrative example, because it is reported to be the most moral and best governed of our larger communities. If such is its condition, what must be the degradation of our other and larger cities?

A distinguished clergyman,* writing upon this subject, remarks: "Not only do our cities imitate the vice of the old world, but they import it ready made. It cannot be denied that the most marked and revolting instances of crime and degradation are among our foreign population. How can it be otherwise, with the contaminating influences under which they have grown up, with the ignorance in which they have studiously been kept?"

Some municipal provision has been made for these poor exiles, when they reach our shores; but to the Church alone belongs the duty of providing them with "the bread of life, which cometh down from heaven." Every one is familiar with the fact that most of our immigrants, who profess any religion at all, are Romanists. Archbishop Hughes estimates the Papal population of the United States at three millions. One of the official documents of his Church places it at one million six hundred and fifty thousand. They also report four archbishops, thirty bishops,

* Rev. J. W. Alexander, D. D.

ten hundred and seventy-three Churches, and ten hundred and eighty-one priests. But with this formidable array of forces, with thirteen colleges and numerous schools, and with the vast sums which are received from the propagandas of Europe, but little progress seems to be made by the Papal Church in this country except the natural increase by immigration. The "Freeman's Journal"—the principal organ of Romanism in the United States—has stated that the defections from "the Church" are "frightful." Another Catholic authority unintentionally indorses a statement "that of the number of Irish Catholics emigrating to the United States, one-third, at least, are lost to the Roman Catholic Church." He thinks the number who have been thus lost, since 1825, is, in round numbers, two millions!

Much interest has been felt, for many years, among a large body of Christians, for the establishment of a mission at Rome, in the very face of the triple throne. Thirty individuals have been sent abroad, to labor in Papal countries, within a com-

paratively short period. It is a beneficent work, and should not be neglected; but here is a nation of Papists set down at our very doors—nay, quite universally, making a part of our own households. Their homeless and friendless condition appeals to our sympathy; their ignorance and superstition should command our Christian exertions. We are saved, in a great measure, the labor, and expense, and sacrifice, of sending our missionaries to foreign shores. The nations are laid at our feet, and we are surrounded with the means and appliances which are so much needed by our messengers in pagan lands, to assist in the spread of the gospel. Why, then, has so little been accomplished in this department of Christian labor? Why has the Church slumbered so long over this great work? If the prophet had bid us do some great thing, would we not have done it? The devoted bands who have stood waiting the call of the Church, with longing eyes fixed on distant and difficult positions, have, perhaps, thus overlooked the fields white for the harvest—

ready for the reaper's hand. Why is our faith so feeble for these very Papists whom we are so zealous to serve on their own ground? It has been asserted that conversions to Protestantism, from among them, were rare; but almost every report of our numerous home missionaries contains striking instances of the opposite fact. Their own journals, as we have seen, announce "frightful defections" from Rome; and though many of these, doubtless, renounce Popery, and embrace no other religion, yet a great conquest has been gained when the shackles of superstition have once loosened their usually lifelong clasp.

To meet and stem, in what measure it might, the immigrant tide of misery and poverty, crime and superstition, the Home Mission organization has been attempted in this country, and already hundreds of devoted laborers have entered its service under one or another of its denominational forms.

The Home Mission organizations—the faithful and regular visits of their agents—

are, as yet, the only successful means which have been found for reaching that extreme of society, of which England's most talented writer says:—"Out of these noxious sinks, where they were born to perish, the people *would not come*, to be improved. The gulf between them and all wholesome humanity had swollen to such a depth and breadth that they were separated from it as by impassable seas or deserts; so they lived and so they died."* The only remedy was to go to the miserable wretches who had lost their way to a better state, and to instruct them in their own degraded haunts. This is true, in some measure, in regard to the vicious classes in our midst. It is in vain to point them to our places of public worship; they have neither the disposition nor the means to appear decently in them. But let the home missionary visit them in their dismal abodes—breathe words of hope and encouragement in their ears—relieve the pressing necessities of sickness or misfortune—or, better than all, let him, if

* Household Words.

possible, furnish them with employment, by which their situations may be improved. They are then ready to hear and believe in the religion which has prompted these efforts in their behalf. That much good has been accomplished by such instrumentalities, undeniable facts and well-attested figures are the assurance. From some entire localities in our cities, the demon whose name is legion has been cast out, and whole neighborhoods have been transformed.

This unpretending agency has not been defeated, even in the most formidable fields of popular vice and degradation. Almost every reader is familiar with the name of the "Five Points." Like many localities described in the preceding pages, its atmosphere was pollution. A passage through its contaminating precincts was dangerous even in the clear light of day. Situated, as it is, in almost the business center of New-York city, it had become a by-word and reproach among us. It seemed as if faith itself must turn hopelessly away from the obstacles which

here presented themselves at every point.

"Its rows of miserable dwellings," says an English writer who visited it, "whose creaking stairs, broken palings, and rag-stuffed window-panes sufficiently indicate that honest and cheerful industry have long since fled the precint, while its dull and besotted, or loud and brazen tenants render it prudent for a respectable female to seek protection in threading its streets in broad day. Yet there has Christian benevolence raised its hopeful standard, and there have some immortals been lifted from the depths, and entered on the path that leads to peace."

The New-York Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church projected, a few years since, a mission in this desperate neighborhood. The following account of their endeavors has been furnished by one of their most active members:—

"A room was found, the corner of Little-Water and Cross-streets, some twenty by forty feet, thoroughly cleaned and seat-

ed, and thus made capable of accommodating about two hundred persons. The first Sabbath it was filled. By whom? By what? A friend described it as 'a more vivid representation of hell than she had ever imagined.' Neglected childhood, hardened, reckless maturity, incased in filth and rags. But, through the power of grace, there were those there who had moral and physical nerve to bear the sight —the sound. They sang, and prayed, and exhorted, explained their motives and designs, and urged the importance of cleanliness upon their wretched listeners. The school opened with seventy scholars. The first few Sabbaths the children were rather unruly. The boys would throw somersets, and knock each other down, or follow any other inclination which arose. Indeed, the entire want of self-restraint was one of the most painful features of the scene; for who could repress the anxious question, 'To what will all this lead?' But soon the school was perfectly organized, and each succeeding Sabbath witnessed its increase and improvement.

"Immediately upon the establishment of the mission, the necessity of a day-school became apparent; it was found that weekly impressions were too evanescent to be of much benefit to children who, during the other six days, were exposed to influences which ever rest upon those residing there. Preparations were made for its organization; donations of books, maps, and slates were received, a teacher selected with the approval of the entire Board, and the ladies were rejoicing in the prospect of the fulfillment of their most cherished plan, when, in its initiatory stage, adverse influences intervened, which, by placing the school in other hands, removed it entirely from the control of the society, and, of course, in a degree from the direct influences of the mission.

"Intemperance prevailed so fearfully in this region that all immediately realized that nothing could be effected until this tide could be stayed. Preaching fell on besotted ears in vain; all moral truth was wasted: it was 'casting pearls before

swine.' Temperance-meetings were instituted, and held almost weekly in the mission-room. The friends of the cause rallied there, sang temperance songs, and made earnest speeches. In the first year one thousand had signed the pledge, including some of the worst of the inhabitants. Since then there has been a steady increase, and the closest scrutiny reports that in the large majority of cases the pledge has been fully kept.

"Next to intemperance, the missionary found the greatest hinderance to consist in the want of steady employment for the surrounding poor. The majority were vicious, and unused to work; many were anxious for employment, but could not get it, because the large establishments which give slop-work to the poor would not trust their material in the Five Points; and yet they were obliged to remain there because of the cheapness of the rents. The missionary, by becoming responsible, found one house willing to coöperate in his design. After many experiments and many difficul-

ties a regular establishment was formed, in which fifty or sixty men and women found constant employment, and boarded in the house of the missionary. The inmates generally attended the religious services of the mission, the children came to the Sabbath school, and the Society regarded it as a valuable adjunct to their undertaking.

"The Rev. Mr. Luckey (late chaplain to the Sing-Sing State-prison) was subsequently appointed to this field of labor. His influence among the convicts of Sing-Sing was a good preparation for the work which now devolved upon him. He and his devoted wife have penetrated its dark alleys, and have explored every avenue of Cow-Bay and the Old Brewery. The wretched inhabitants of cellars and garrets have had their word of counsel and their cheering aid; their utmost influence has been exerted to induce the children to attend a day-school, supported by various benevolent individuals; they have visited the sick, and directed the dying to Him who could save to the uttermost; and

through them, aided by ladies and gentlemen connected with the mission, a moral influence has been exerted which is felt throughout that entire community. Nor have they rested here; scores of men and women have through them been supplied with work; children have been placed in the 'Home of the Friendless,' or in responsible families; and they have spared neither time nor trouble to effect these objects.

"During the year the mission-room became so crowded with children and adult listeners, who also flocked to the weekly means of grace, that the necessity of a larger place was painfully felt, and successful efforts were made to purchase the Old Brewery, a building whose history is one of horror, for a chapel, school-rooms and lodging-house. In conclusion, we remark, the present aspect of the mission is one of encouragement and hope from every point of view. The Sabbath school is large and prospering. A large infant-class is interesting and improving; also an adult Bible-

class. The day-school, averaging an attendance of one hundred scholars, is prospering. The whole region is under a plan of visitation by the missionary and his wife, aided by ladies of the Society. Many families have been reclaimed from the lowest degradation possible to human beings, and are now living in comparative peace and comfort. The mission-building, on the site of the Old Brewery, is rising higher and higher, and soon the top-stone will be laid with shouting."

This remarkable case is here given not only as a proof of what *can be done*, but as an illustration of how it *should be done*.

Our operations in these departments of Christian labor are far behind those of the mother country in many respects. We are yet new in the work; but the masses, still pouring in upon us from the old world, will furnish us ample material and experience.

With the activity which characterizes us as a nation, we are devising measures which are already producing an

influence. Our noble system of free-schools will at last make thorough Americans of the foreign children who are benefited by their instructions. Our free institutions and our universally circulated Bible, will follow up these early impressions. Evening schools, sewing schools, Sabbath schools, inviting all to their gratuitous privileges, are already transforming hundreds of thousands from rude immigrants into respectable citizens. Dependent upon us, as most of them are, for employment, treated with kind consideration, as they all should be, with suitable efforts on the part of the Church, not the least danger to our country is to be apprehended from Romanism. On the contrary, it can only expect at the most an enfeebled and languid existence among institutions so incompatible with its spirit and history. The continually coming hosts thus thrown into the midst of our plenty and prosperity, may be regenerated and saved by our efforts. Time, means, and energy will be needed. Prayer and faith,

and pecuniary liberality must be ceaseless and inexhaustible. With these, and the promises of God's word, we may pursue confidently our career of evangelization till the kingdom of our Lord shall triumph through all this western world.

THE END.